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## *The Mischief of Monica.*

By L. B. WALFORD.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### NEW OPINIONS AT THE GRANGE.

Like the false fruit of the lotos,  
Love alters every taste:  
We loathe the life we are leading,  
The spot where we are placed.—L. E. L.

ONE of the strangest things in human life is the estimate which every individual being forms of another; this estimate being so much affected and influenced by the nature of each, that none among us but alike measures, and is measured, from a thousand standpoints.

The infinite variety of character, disposition, and temperament with which the human race is endowed together with the infinitesimal shades and gradations in each one of these, and the imperceptible but no less positive manner in which they act and react between and among us, make it as impossible for any single person to think of another as he or she actually *is*, as it would be for any two to unite in absolutely equal judgment of a third.

Hitherto in these pages we have only beheld Daisy Schofield through the medium of others' eyes; let us now endeavour to discover whether she has or has not been truthfully dealt with at their hands.

First of all, then, we may as well avow at once that Daisy was not her mother's Daisy.

When poor Mrs. Schofield, in her usual fond, effusive manner would seek to depict her eldest daughter as a martyr to intellectual exertions and acquirements, as a paragon of industry and living encyclopedia of knowledge, Daisy would hump her shoulder, and inwardly wish mama would not make a fool of her.

When the drawing societies and the reading societies were inquired into, she would answer shortly. When she caught Monica's eye on the subject she would colour up. ;

The truth was this: The little Lancashire girl had native shrewdness and native honesty; and as the former enabled her to perceive herself possessed of only ordinary abilities, so the latter made her spurn the attempt to appear other than she was.

From earliest days she had stoutly maintained this wise and sensible view of the case; but all her struggles availed nothing beneath the persistency of Mrs. Schofield's belief. Mrs. Schofield thought that Daisy talked nonsense, and that George talked nonsense, and that they were all really too foolish about themselves. Modesty was all very well, but when it came to protesting that they couldn't do this, and they couldn't do that, and refusing to show their drawings when asked for, it was really too bad; and for her part she did not understand such goings on.

To tell her that Ethel and Rosa Higgins drew better than Daisy! That Maggie Maybole sang better than Lottie! That John Barnby had made a cabinet in his workshop which George could not have made!

She wondered what they were all coming to. They really took a delight in provoking her; she declared they did.

Well, she knew better. She knew what was said of them behind backs. She could tell, if she chose, what this one and that one had said to her very face. But, to be sure, it was not for her to repeat compliments, when compliments were like to be so ungraciously received,—and the good soul would bounce off in a puff, or in what was as nearly a huff as a person so uniformly good-tempered could achieve.

Poor woman, she really would feel aggrieved, she was so sure of having right on her side. Illiterate, and only half-educated herself, it was perhaps excusable that the natural result of good schools and tuition in various accomplishments should present itself to her mind under another aspect; that she should see in

children, who were not wholly idle nor frivolous, miracles of talent, examples of success.

That they bargained for a subscription to a circulating library, and for having some of the monthly magazines lying on their tables, meant with her that they were students and scholars. That they chose to know a little of what was passing in the world outside their own small circle, argued them profound politicians. Their simple efforts after art, their dabbings in decorative furniture, their rudimentary attempts at concerted music, even their very needlework and fancy work, all went into the same scale. To say that her geese were swans is to give but a very poor idea of the noble birds beheld by her in the homely flock by which she was surrounded.

It is but just to the young people to repeat here, what has been hinted above, namely, that they, or at any rate some of them, would have dispelled the illusion if they could. Having, however, long before they appear in these pages, discovered that this was a task beyond their strength, even George and Daisy had in time become acclimatised, and had learned to take their mother as they found her.

With her new cousins, Monica and Isabel Lavenham, Daisy Schofield had indeed made a faint endeavour to discover her real self; but so provokingly had the revelation been met, so thoroughly had the new-comers imbibed the earlier portraits presented by the parent, and so obviously were they out of touch with one and all their new-found connections, that she had swiftly withdrawn every confidence, and had told herself resentfully that it was worth nobody's while to care what was thought by two such scornful, disagreeable fashion-plates of fine ladies.

That the Grange was made fun of at Flodden Hall, Daisy more than half suspected. That Monica meant sarcasm behind innocence on occasions innumerable, it was easy to perceive. That Monica despised herself? Yes, she felt very nearly sure that Monica despised herself; despised her, moreover, not merely as an inmate of a despised house, but with a purely personal disdain.

Was this the case? It was.

And herein we see an instance of what has been above asserted, namely, that we do all of us at times so act and react upon one another as to make perfectly just estimates impossible.

Monica Lavenham had a baleful effect upon Daisy Schofield. In Monica's presence Daisy could not shine, do what she would.

A secret uneasiness would sharpen her tone, roughen her manner, cause her to assume more self-assertion, more aggressive self-confidence and importance than she would ever be known to exhibit on other occasions. With Monica's entrance the very hairs on her head would bristle and stiffen. The children would wonder at the petulance and irritability of their usually cheerful dispenser of small benefits. Mrs. Schofield, all unconscious, would placidly observe: 'Dear me, what has come to Daisy? Something, sure, has put Daisy out.' George would find his sister moodily gazing from a window after the visitors had departed, and when he would inquire—as possibly he might inquire—if anything were the matter, would be told 'Nothing.'

Was it because of this thinly-veiled antagonism that Monica, on her part, could never resist making Bell laugh when Daisy's name arose between the two in private?

Monica had not begun by taking much account of Daisy. She had simply classified her according to Mrs. Schofield's primary delineations; but presently it must be owned that, upon discovering the light in which a certain pair of jealous eyes looked upon herself, she began to experience a delicate sense of cat-and-mouse pleasure in putting forth her claws. No one knew better how to play cat-and-mouse, and poor Monica had never been taught that there was any harm thus playing.

She looked down upon Daisy Schofield, and it did Daisy good to be looked down upon. That was her view of the matter.

'Pert little, underbred thing!' cried she, with her beautiful chin in the air; 'I like the fat, old, vulgar mother infinitely better. I shall be quite friends with *her*. But I can't stand Daisy.'

And, accordingly, Daisy had to be taught, and that in the best style out, that she was not to be 'stood.' All her cousin's humours, her caprices, her disdain, her airs and her graces were for the eldest Miss Schofield's especial benefit—the younger ones merely coming in for their share or not according to chance—while the poor tiresome mother, the Mrs. Schofield from whom one and all were wont to flee, the droning, drowsy narrator, who was barely endured abroad and thrust aside at home, towards her Monica would, out of sheer contradiction it might be, but perhaps also with a mingling of some better motive, be so gentle, considerate, and respectful, that even her uncle felt as if he had hitherto underrated a very worthy woman.

Then Dorrien entered upon the scene, and our two young

ladies did not like each other any better than before. Previous to his introduction to the Miss Lavenhams the thought of him had been a secret source of exultation to Daisy. The principal part of his wooing had been done prior to the arrival of the sisters at Flodden Hall; and he had only delayed putting the final touch to it till after he should have had his last bachelor season in town from a conviction that, once fairly 'booked,' neither the widow nor her daughter would see any need for further indulgence of the luxury.

As an engaged man he could not have rebelled,—but he had laughed in his heart as he told himself that he was not yet an engaged man. He had fully meant to become so; there had been no idea of crying off, not the very slightest; no he had only stolen a few weeks' leave of absence from the neighbourhood; and, curiously enough, this at the very time when Monica and Isabel Lavenham had been reluctantly precipitated into it.

Thus they had never met him. The previous year he had been travelling, and had not been in London at all; and the sisters had, as we know, only enjoyed two seasons there. But for such causes there would almost certainly have been a previous acquaintance. They knew the same people, went to the same houses, frequented the same resorts. Innumerable as are the distinct 'sets' in London society, a recognised member of any one is tolerably sure to know sooner or later the greater part of the other recognised members. It is necessary to remind my readers of this, that it may be understood how speedily and easily Dorrien had been at home with the two, with whom no one else was at home at all. Daisy had bitten her lip more than once as she sat by, almost entirely neglected and left out in the cold, during the first occasion of their meeting at the Grange. She had divined, as by instinct, the impression made by her beautiful cousin; and an entirely new feeling regarding Dorrien from that hour took possession of her breast.

Hitherto he had been her great reserve force. She had felt—all of them had felt—that once Dorrien spoke out, they could cope even with the Lavenhams. Good Mrs. Schofield, who alone was serenely confident that in themselves and by themselves she and hers were on a level with any mortal being, was yet willing enough to pour into the ears of her cousin Joseph's fine ladies the pride with which her heart was bursting.

But she had been restrained by her daughter. Daisy had not

been so foolish as to lay herself open, or to permit her mother to lay her open, to a chance of being ridiculed. She had been, she would have said, sure, certain of Dorrien; but all the same, it had ended in her exacting from one and all absolute silence concerning him; while to herself she had hugged the thought of presenting to her cousin such a lover as even Monica Lavenham might have been proud to call one.

Beforehand her secret had been closely kept; and though, on the reappearance of Dorrien in the neighbourhood, she had permitted herself to mention his name to Isabel Lavenham—being fairly amicable with Bell—it had been under the prudent supposition that to suppress it altogether would have been more pointed, more likely to attract attention, than to let it arise and pass in general conversation.

She had calculated, moreover, that Dorrien, who had lost not a day in renewing his suit, having indeed resolved upon bringing it now to a point, had probably been remarked by others on his daily ride to the Grange,—(he had ridden over there on three successive evenings before that on which we first beheld him),—and accordingly an easy reference to the subject would seem in Bell's eyes the simplest thing in the world.

But do people ever refer to such subjects easily?

And now imagine a clumsy, tactless, inexperienced male presuming to consider himself a match for two fair ones in strategic wiles. It is really almost pathetic to think of Dorrien's credulity at this point. He had a cheerful conviction, for instance, of having duped Miss Daisy in the most artful manner possible, when he handed her into her pony carriage and saw her drive away from the front steps at Cullingdon the day she called by herself there. He had not the faintest suspicion that all the time she had been smiling and chatting during her stay, that her eyes and ears had been on the stretch, and that not a change of colour nor an altered accent escaped them.

She knew—who better?—that the Miss Lavenhams were his guests that day. She had come because they were so; because of a burning desire to hear and see, to know and discover what was going on.

And he had fancied her all unconscious and unobservant when she made that innocent suggestion about the village play! He had dreamed that his swift change of front, the light that flashed into his eye, the eagerness in his voice, all the nameless indications with which face and form alike were trembling, had left him unbetrayed!

His immediate attendance on her? She had not been deceived by that. Had she not witnessed the restlessness, the disquietude which almost immediately set in; the nervous, uncontrollable movements which told of impatience and dissatisfaction; the swift rebound of relief and elasticity when the ordeal was over?

Ah, poor Daisy! A dull pain gnawed at her heart during that homeward drive through the green lanes.

Dorrien had charmed more than her fancy by this time. It needed but one such day's experience to convince her of the bitter truth.

Let us take a slight retrospect.

Dorrien was unlike any man whom Daisy Schofield had ever met before. George's friends and her own friends were, as she would have told you, all very well: sprightly, jocular, good-looking, go-ahead. Taking one with another, she had until lately seen no reason to be discontented with them. Their talk had suited her; she had not found them, nor their ways, nor their looks, nor their clothes distasteful. Her standard had been easily reached.

But then came Dorrien, and for the first time in her life this young girl beheld—what shall we call him? A man of fashion? A man about town? A smart man? A club man? A man whose every association and connection is with such attributes and spheres? To say that Dorrien was a gentleman does not express all this. There are many hundreds of perfectly well-born and well-bred men, fit for any company, equal to any occasion, who have yet no trace of the bearing, the carriage, the—truth compels such details—the *tailoring* of your gay bachelor of St. James's. Dorrien was simplicity itself, but his very simplicity was a thing unattainable. The self-satisfied and flourishing sprigs of respectability to whom the Grange was an open house both had what he had not, and lacked what he possessed.

It was about this time that Daisy began to find Freddy Wilkinson 'officious,' and Teddy Oliver 'unbearable.' She had been wont to think Freddy's anticipation of every wish, his rising to open every door, and his flying to render every attention, as so many proofs of polite deportment; now his solicitous inquiries and tender cares were tiresome. Master Oliver, on his part, fared no better. Teddy was a dull youth whom nobody ever thought worth taking trouble about; but it

was understood that, as George's friend, he was to be permitted to come out to the Grange as often as George liked, sit down at the lower end of the table at dinner—his chosen place—and hold solemn converse with his host on matters interesting to their two selves, but to no one else at table.

Such manners presently came to be voted abominable by Miss Daisy Schofield.

She had grown, moreover, to despise the outward appearance of both youths. Their shirt fronts had a knack of bulging out in front; Dorrien's never bulged out. They were anxious about their ties and their wristbands; she would catch them taking furtive peeps at the mirror, and pulling this and that straight at intervals; Dorrien never looked into mirrors, and never needed to pull anything straight.

It is a sharp test to which a young critic is put when she begins to perceive all this. We know that in a certain rank the ordinary dress suit of a gentleman has over and over again made the fustian of a rustic swain unbearable in feminine eyes. There was almost as much difference between Dorrien's suits and the suits of the young men above named, as between theirs and the working-clothes of a day-labourer.

And betwixt them and Dorrien himself there was further a great and impassable gulf. It was not that he was uncivil to them, nor even that he avoided them; on the contrary, he was perfectly ready to talk and be talked to; but he would have conversed with grooms and stable-boys in the same bland, agreeable manner.

He was simply an inhabitant of another world. Whether he found the world in which he was now sojourning congenial or not, he was too wise a traveller to let appear. He was its denizen for the nonce; and it was his business to conform to its usages and flatter its interests.

Accordingly, he chatted with one and another, choosing topics in which they were interested, and about which they were likely to be well informed; whereat all who met Mr. Dorrien at the Grange were entirely pleased, and quoted his sayings and opinions with animation thereafter. But as to introducing any subjects of his own, or supposing that he might have a single point in common with any member of this herd of strange creatures, I really do not think the idea once occurred to Dorrien.

That, again, had gradually become apparent to Daisy, as day by day she had eaten of the fruit of the tree of knowledge.

Once begun, she had been unable to stop eating, and her eyes were thus ever opening more and more.

It was necessary, however, to hide within her own bosom, and to brood over in secret, all that was going on there! None of it could be confided with any hope of reciprocity. Even the younger ones would have laughed at her. Tottie would have said, as pertly as Daisy herself would once have said, that such comparisons were ridiculous; that the whole thing was ridiculous; and that she, for her part, could not imagine how anything so ridiculous could ever have entered into her sister's ridiculous head. Mrs. Schofield's cap strings would have stood on end with bristling ire. 'Ridiculous' would not have been the word in her mouth. By no suggestion or supposition would her wrath have been moved to a like extent. She and hers not good enough for anybody—her George's friends not fit company for anybody—for a prince of the blood royal, if need be? Well, she had never expected to hear *that* said, least of all by her own daughter! And of young Wilkinson and young Oliver, too? Freddy Wilkinson's father could buy up the Dorriens any day; and the Olivers could hold their heads as high as any people in the place.

It would have been hopeless to suggest that Freddy, Johnny, or Tommy should have been kept out of Dorrien's way. Such a proposition would not improbably have ended in Dorrien being kept out of theirs. Mrs. Schofield had a temper; a temper, it is true, which did not often appear, but was there for an emergency; and, as we all know, the most peaceable maternal bird will fly out in defence of her young.

Nor would George himself have been any easier to handle. At the best of times he was not partial to the company of Daisy's new admirer. 'I hate to find that swell here,' he would mutter, when he came home at six o'clock, tired, dishevelled, anxious only to be let alone, and to be permitted to slouch about, and in and out, without anyone's interference or notice, till dinner time. 'If he must come, why can he not come in the afternoon? Why must he always be here in the evening?'

The answer to which might thus have been given: George's evening was Dorrien's afternoon; having always been accustomed to make calls between five and seven o'clock—a time which was certainly pleasanter for taking a long country ride than between three and five, in the heat of an unusually hot summer—he had seen no reason for altering his habit, even though it

did entail his being there when the elder son of the family came plodding up the drive on his daily return from the town.

Accordingly, the cool, easy figure, reposing on a garden chair beneath the shade, and looking as if it had reclined there all day would not infrequently be the first sight to meet and vex George Schofield's ill-used eyes, as he peeped over the hedge at a well-known point, once the chairs had taken up their permanent out-of-door place on the lawn.

Dorrien used to turn his smooth head lazily round as the new-comer approached, and extend a few fingers when he was near. We do not say that he presented only two fingers, but certainly he did not give the hand. In his own mind he rather wished that there were no need for giving anything. He could be pleasant to the other young men whom he met at the Grange; they were nothing to him,—but nothing becomes something when it takes the shape of a brother-in-law. George was rather a vulgar-looking fellow—it was a pity there was a George.

And George, on his part, would invariably be at his worst when thus caught. He would be weary, and dusty, and untidy, and pale-faced. Preoccupied with his own affairs, the sight of the guest would cause him to look sullen. Sullenness does not improve any countenance.

Dorrien, on the contrary, would be in perfect order, and perfectly disengaged and gracious.

So marked would be the contrast, and so obvious was it which was the sufferer thereby, that Daisy, out of sheer *esprit de corps*, would be annoyed and mortified, even though she alone were by to see.

Once she had gone so far as to make a suggestion on the subject. She did not do so a second time.

George was angry, astonished, and exceedingly disagreeable. What? Go into the house? Go into the house until visitors had left? That was a nice idea, to be sure! When he had been boxed up in a beastly, dirty, reeking office ever since the early morning, to say that he was to be done out of the only mouthful of fresh air he ever got! That was a pleasant thing to say to a fellow! Because he was not grand enough for her visitors, forsooth! It was like a sister to insinuate that he was not fit to stand alongside of that fool of a fellow of hers. And pray, who and what was this Dorrien that they should make a fuss about him? Everyone knew that the Dorriens were as poor as rats, and that Liverpool people thought nothing of them. It was all rot

young Dorrien's coming over, and making believe he was after Daisy. All rot: Dorrien came because——, but at this point Daisy would fly. She would fly rather than stay and argue the point. Nothing was gained by such passages-at-arms.

As regularly as Dorrien reclined in the garden chair at six o'clock, so regularly did he see a somewhat short, broad, thick-set figure stump up the drive, newspaper in one hand, stick or umbrella in the other; and as regularly did he think it rather a pity that there was a George.

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## CHAPTER XIV.

MISS LAVENHAM CONSIDERS THAT IT WOULD BE UNWISE TO  
INTERRUPT THE COURSE OF EDUCATION.

Whether we smile or weep,  
Time wings its flight:  
Days, hours, they never creep,  
Life speeds like light.—ANON.

'AND really and truly you would prefer not to go?' said Joseph Schofield, at breakfast, one morning. 'You would rather stay quietly at home, than be off with the rest to the sea? Mind you, it was not to have been Blackpool, nor Southport, nor yet the Isle of Man. Those places are all very well; Ramsay's nice enough, but vulgar; but I can see that they are not the thing, none of them are the thing for *you*.'

'Oh, Uncle Schofield!' Monica was always being touched by her uncle's profound and artlessly expressed homage.

'They are not,' repeated he, calmly drinking his coffee. 'They do for the Palmers.'

His nieces laughed.

'Oh, they do very well for them,' proceeded the speaker, all unconscious. 'The Palmers, and the George Schofields, and their set are just the people for Ramsay. It's thick with them. George—the lad George—finds lads like himself all over the place; and Daisy and Tottie find all the other Daisies and Totties they know. That's why they fancy the Isle of Man. They like to take their friends with them. Mrs. George would not know herself if she was set down in a place like Scarborough, for instance.'

'But I thought——' A look from her sister checked Bell.

'Scarborough is a most fashionable resort,' said Mr. Schofield, impressively. 'At Scarborough you would find numbers of the aristocracy, of the London folks you and your sister'—(he had got into the habit of addressing Monica)—'are accustomed to associate with. We should go to the best hotel, and see all that there is to be seen. I am told that the bands and the promenades are the best in England. But don't suppose *I* want to go,' added the speaker hastily, aware that in his secret heart he had been rather inclined to dwell upon the prospect.

'You see we have had such a change already,' replied Monica with the cheerful intonation which somehow always conveyed the whiff of a compliment. 'It was such a change for Bell and me to come straight away from London, and find ourselves in a part of England in which we had never been before, that we are only just beginning to feel at home; are we not, Bell? At first it all felt strange. We did not know the places; nor the people; nor your ways; nor you yourself,' smiling across the tea-tray. 'Everything was so unlike what we had ever been accustomed to, that we had to *learn* it all. Now that we are learning, it would be a pity to interrupt the course of education. We are getting on nicely; we are getting to understand——.' She paused.

'Aye, that's since you have been at Cullingdon,' said her uncle, handing back his cup for some more. As he did not glance at the niece who took it, he did not perceive that she reddened.

'Cullingdon? Oh,' and, in despite of all she had maintained upon the subject, Monica could not help wishing that another pair of eyes had been equally blind; 'I—yes—I suppose Cullingdon helps. But indeed, Uncle Schofield,' rather eagerly, 'indeed it is not only because we go there; it is because we are beginning to know other nice people as well as the Dorriens.'

'The De Vincis, and the Alverstokes.'

'No, no; not them at all. I don't care much about the De Vincis; and I detested the only Alverstokes we ever knew, and should probably detest equally this branch of the family. They are smart people, of course; and it is as well to know them, and to go to their houses—(by the way, I suppose they will ask us),—but I was thinking of quite other kinds of people with whom we have lately become acquainted. I must tell you, Uncle Schofield—I am sure you will not mind my telling you—that when Bell and I first came and saw the friends, the neighbours whom—whom we fancied were the only people we should ever meet—were the only

people you lived among—we—our hearts did a little sink. You know, dear uncle,' affectionately, 'you know the cousins at the Grange and at Fairlawn, and others like them are not—not——.' She stopped abruptly, somewhat at a loss.

'I know, my dear, I know.'

'And you do not mind my saying it? But, you see, we had no idea that we had only seen the worst.'

'Monica!' a breathless remonstrance from her sister, and both girls glanced apprehensively at their elderly relation.

It was not like Monica to have made such a slip.

Mr. Schofield, however, had only a placid and faintly twinkling smile upon his face. In his heart he was thinking, 'Lord, if only Mrs. George and the lot of them could have heard that!' That he was neither indignant nor astonished was at once apparent, and accordingly, 'He is a perfect darling!' internally cried the guilty Monica, and she could almost have hugged the grizzled head opposite. 'He is far, far better than he looks. He may not look it, but he has a soul above Flodden Hall.'

'It was very naughty of me to say that, Uncle Schofield,' she now proceeded, reassured and anxious to persevere in her exposition, 'but you see it slipped out. We *were* rather disappointed, rather astray and stranded, you know. I only say this because it is all right now; don't you understand, uncle? We are no longer in the least stranded.'

An inward protest on Bell's face.

'Not in the least,' repeated the speaker, with resolute emphasis. 'And that is why we do not care about Scarborough. All the better people have come back to this neighbourhood now that the partridge shooting has begun. And some of them are very nice people; quite pleasant people. There are the Rowlands, for instance, and the Carnforths, and the Shillingfords. I dare say, before we had come to live here, we should have been stupid enough to class all of these with——'

'— With the George Schofields and the Palmers?'

'Why, yes,' said Monica, laughing, 'that was what I really meant. We thought all Liverpool and Manchester people were the same. But they are not the same; they are as different as possible. The Rowlands are——'

'— A first-rate old Liverpool family.' Mr. Schofield finished the sentence as though assenting to it. 'Oh, I could have told you that. But, of course, I did not like to say anything; I did not want to set you against the others. Oh, I knew well enough

that there were some really goodish houses to go to,' with a little air of pride; 'but then I thought, "Wait a bit, and they'll find it out for themselves;"—that was what I thought. The Rowlands are good enough for anybody; they might be in the county set; but they don't lay themselves out for it. They keep on in the same old way they have kept for years and years. Their sons have always been gentlemen, and had the education of gentlemen. Harrow has been their school for generations; so old Rowland told me the other day. He was there himself, and so were all his brothers. The daughters marry well—not flash marriages—they don't go in for a twopenny-halfpenny younger son of a lord, and keep turning up at their father's house whenever they are short of money; they marry good sound men, not always business men—one of their husbands is a member of Parliament,' impressively—'and I never heard that any of them did amiss. Oh, the Rowlands are very highly thought of, and I hear that when they are in London they go to all the London balls.'

It was impossible to resist a smile, but the sisters hid theirs in their tea-cups.

'Yes, I liked them,' said Monica, next. 'I liked their entire absence of pretension, and their nice, homely, old-fashioned ways. As you say, Uncle Schofield, the sons are gentlemen; not smart men, but good sort of steady, plain——'

'—Plain? Do you call them plain? Ernest Rowland is supposed to be most tremendously good-looking about here. Of course I am no judge, but I have always been told so,' quoth Mr. Schofield, entering into the spirit of the conversation. 'He is a great, big, swashing fellow, as his father was before him, with the same fine head of hair. Old Rowland always was proud of that head of hair of his.'

'I meant no disrespect to the hair,' said Monica, 'nor to Mr. Ernest Rowland's claims to beauty. He is good-looking; and so is the little boy—what is his name? Bertie? But what I intended saying was that they were not—not——'

'—Not like Mr. Dorrien?'

'Yes. Not like Mr. Dorrien.' Although startled by so sudden a turn, she was able to reply to the question, and even to wonder why it had been put. But her uncle resumed without apparently having had any occult motive.

'Dorrien has an air,' he said, reflectively, 'that the Rowlands can't catch. Put old Rowland beside Sir Arthur Dorrien and you

see a grand-looking, striking-looking old fellow contrasted with a withered, wizened, rickety bit of a scarecrow. Sir Arthur looks for all the world like a half-starved deer beside a majestic shorthorn bull, but the deer has something the bull has not. Young Dorrien——.'

He paused.

Neither auditor broke the pause.

'They tell me young Dorrien is after Daisy Schofield,' concluded the speaker, with a little laugh. 'I don't believe it.'

'Then there are the Shillingfords.' Monica prudently, perhaps a little hurriedly waived the discussion. 'The Shillingfords are really very nice. I do not say it to please you, my dear uncle, though I know you like them, and wish us to like them; but because both Bell and I were so very much pleased with all we saw that day we went to the Shillingfords.'

Mr. Schofield had been absent for a few days, during which some experiences had been gone through.

'The children were so nice, were they not, Bell?' continued Miss Lavenham, glancing at her sister with a frown, for Bell was still looking far too much amused, having vastly appreciated the Dorrien interlude. 'Such dear, polite little things; and so charmed to be taken any notice of, yet not in the least spoilt. Oh! they were funny too; they made us laugh; some of the things they said were really witty and original. What was that about the cow, Bell? And Mrs. Shillingford was so simple, and pretty, and pleasant,' proceeded Monica, rippling on with anxious care, 'I was quite surprised when we heard afterwards who she was; though I need not have been, for of course the best people never talk of who they are. Oh, we shall like Mrs. Shillingford. But I forgot, Uncle Schofield, your being away this week has thrown you quite into arrears about us and our doings. We have got to tell you of our call at the Carnforths. Did we tell you of that? No, I am sure we did not, because it happened the very afternoon you left; and I am afraid I forgot to put any news into that wretched scrap I wrote. Oh, you will be amused to hear about us and the Carnforths. Bell and I mean to have a great deal of entertainment out of the Carnforth family. You must know, my dear uncle, that the reason they rushed to call upon us the very day after they returned from Scotland, from their uncle's moor—(each one in turn took pains to inform us immediately about their 'uncle's moor')—was that they consider they are the only people about here with whom we

can possibly associate. They are by way of being themselves far too fine for the place——'

'Too fine? That's good!' cried Mr. Schofield. 'Is that the idea? When I can remember old Carnforth Liverpool to the backbone! Always among the better stamp of Liverpool men, I grant you; always rather grand in his way; but very well pleased to turn his honest penny with the rest of us, and as good a business man as you could find on the Exchange.'

'What is the present Mr. Carnforth?'

'A Liverpool man, too, and nothing else. Surely *he* was not saying——'

'—Oh, no, he said nothing. Indeed we only just saw him arrive in his dog-cart as we drove off.'

'Came straight out by the four-twenty train. He goes out early, I know. But he goes in as regularly as I do, and makes no bones about it. Well, and the ladies?' He was all attention.

'The mother was very entertaining,' said Monica, smiling at the recollection. 'She came in from the garden with a large cottage bonnet on, her basket full of flowers, and with garden scissors hanging on a ribbon from her arm. She was the country lady, you know. She had been "down to the farm," she informed us, and had "looked in on their little school" on her way back. She was expecting guests from the North, "shooting men." Now that "the shooting has begun," the "house will be full all the autumn." And then she ran on about the partridges, and the coverts, and the keepers, and the luncheon-pony, till Bell and I began to wonder where we were, and if it was possible that we were sitting in the drawing-room of the white house we had passed so often, and had always thought was so very like your own, Uncle Schofield.'

'Eh? It is a larger house than this, my dear.'

'Larger? Oh, yes, it is larger, I dare say; but still it has the same appearance; the same aspect: bright, and pretty, and fresh, and—and rather dazzling, you know. And well situated—that is, conveniently situated—for busy people who have to hurry off in the mornings,' archly. 'No long avenues; no turnings and windings; just drive in and drive out among the flower-beds. It did seem odd to hear Mrs. Carnforth running on about partridges.'

'Oh, they have partridges. They keep turnip-fields on purpose. The Carnforths have more land than you would think

hidden away behind. They make a great point of their shooting, and of having young men to the house for it; and their bags are fair—very fair. But as for the farm,' with contempt, 'the farm is in Mrs. Carnforth's imagination, if it is anywhere. They have a few cows, and a bit of a poultry-yard,—but that is all I ever heard of in the shape of a farm. Maybe the gardener has his house there; and there may be a piggery, for aught I know; but we have all that ourselves, without calling it "a farm."'

'Ah! that is because you never do call things by fine names,' said Monica, with animation. 'You have solid substance without dishing it up in highly flavoured sauce. From what I saw, and from what I guessed, while at those Carnforths', I take the farm with a grain of salt. Well, the next thing was the school. Do you suppose there is a school? Or does it consist of the gardener's daughter, and the pig's piggy-woman?'

They all laughed.

'There is a school, most likely,' quoth Mr. Schofield sententially, 'but how much or how little Mrs. Carnforth has to do with it is another matter. No doubt she'll make the most of whatever finger she has in any pie.'

'And the village,' cried Monica merrily. 'She was very great upon "the village," I must tell you. She gives prizes in "the village;" prizes for the best kept "village garden," and the best cleaned "village windows." Somehow those few straggling cottages and that public-house by Batley Church—I had never thought of them as a "village." Uncle Schofield, what has Mrs. Carnforth in particular to do with Batley? It seemed to me that there were three or four large houses quite as close to the church, and inn, and turnpike, as the Carnforths', and quite as important-looking.'

'And so there are, my dear. And, for that matter, the Whites and the Conybeares own a vast deal more of Batley parish than the Carnforths do. I doubt if the Carnforths own more than half a dozen cottages or so. Oh, no; it's only the way they have got; they talk themselves into believing they are big people; and, as nobody can exactly contradict them, they fancy it all goes down.'

'How ridiculous!' said Bell, who had hitherto been content to listen. 'I felt as if it were ridiculous at the time, Uncle Schofield. Now, at the Dorriens'——' and she paused.

'At the Dorriens' there was a different feeling in the air, eh?' rejoined her uncle, complacently. Ever since he had been at Cullington, had handed Lady Dorrien in to dinner, and had ridden off from the front door escorted by the son, and waving

farewells to the father, he had thought of those whom he had before denoted 'a wild spendthrift set' with new feelings. It was now a delight to him to recognise the distinction betwixt the old blue blood and the mixture which sought to pass as such.

'To be sure, the Carnforths are a wonderful take in,' he now proceeded reflectively. 'When you see old Carnforth getting out at Batley station—bowing here and bowing there; so gracious to the station-master, and so civil to anybody and everybody who touches a hat—you would think he was lord of all the country-side. Manners? There's not a man in Liverpool can touch him in point of manners. He has pretty well *mannered* himself up into the position he has. He gets the best people to his house. If ever there is a political meeting, or anything of the kind to be held about here, the heads of it are always sure to be entertained by the Carnforths. Then he lays himself out for the young fellows, the sprigs of nobility who are cropping up in business now and again. *They* go to the Carnforths; they get shooting and billiards, and the best of good dinners, and wine. And the Miss Carnforths flirt with them—'

'—Uncle Schofield, how wicked you are!'

'They have never flirted to any purpose, however,' proceeded he, with high zest. 'They have not enough money to afford a penniless "honourable;" and though they are fine girls in their way, they have not looks to catch the elder brothers. Besides which, it is not the elder brothers who are to be met with hereabouts. It is only the lads; and, as I say, the lads are glad enough to go to the house, and to take all they can get. Oh, you will like to dine there. I have never been myself; it was not worth their while to ask me; but they will ask you fast enough. And you will have a pleasant evening, and music, and all the rest of it. They ask George Schofield now and again, he tells me. It is easy to see why they ask George. There are a lot of daughters, and George is not to be sneezed at. But they have never known the rest of the Grange folks; they say the place is too far off. We'll see; we are further off; and if I am not very greatly mistaken,' starting from his seat—'if my eyes don't deceive me, there is a groom riding in at the gate now, who looks uncommonly like a groom to have come from Carnforths'. 'Tis the Carnforths' groom, and he has an invitation in his pocket!'

In a few minutes the invitation came in.

'You are a wizard, uncle,' said Monica, 'a veritable wizard. It is for Tuesday next, and there is to be "no party, but only a few

shooting men,"—reading the note with a smile. 'But what is this?' suddenly; 'they only invite Bell and me! There is no mention of you,' to her uncle, 'and do they think, do they suppose,' anger flaming in her cheek, 'that we are going to be treated like this? Asked to dine from *your* house, and *you* not invited? What, I wonder, do they mean by such impertinence?'

'I dare say they have no room for me,' replied her uncle quietly, though with an obvious endeavour not to betray some slight disappointment. 'I am told they give out that they never have formal dinner parties; and though, in a sort of a way, I have known them all my life, and Carnforth is ready with his chat whenever we meet, and often walks up from the train with me, in preference to other people—it stops there. As I have never been to visit him in his own home, I dare say he thinks there is no need to begin now.'

'Then he may do without us also,' said Monica, walking to the desk with head in air. 'Bell and I don't choose to be barely admitted to a house in this manner.'

'Won't you go, my dear?' in surprise.

'Had we not better go, Monica?' chimed in Bell.

'I would not go for worlds. That I would not. You are too good, Uncle Schofield; you never claim anything on your own account, and you let people pass you by.'

'Oh, I don't mind,' said he.

'But they need not think to get us;' the speaker stopped, a little ashamed.

'That's it, they think to get you,' assented Mr. Schofield, perceiving perfectly all she had left unsaid. 'They think to be friends with you, and show you off, and—and why not?' he broke off suddenly. 'It will amuse you to go, and I confess I should like to hear about it afterwards;' and he moved a step or two nearer, and looked anxiously at her.

'We will *not* go,' cried Monica, with a little stamp. 'Uncle Schofield, when—when the Dorriens asked us, did they think that they also had been your neighbours for many years without having had you under their roof? Did they give that as a reason for still excluding you, even when we, your own visitors, your own nieces, were invited there? You know how differently they acted. Could anything have been more polite, more courteous than your invitation? Everything was arranged for you, and made easy for you, and——'

Mr. Schofield's quiet face gradually illuminated.

'They were very kind,' he murmured. 'Well, my dear, do as you please about the Carnforths, but if the Dorriens should ask you?'

Monica did not say what she would do if the Dorriens were to ask them.

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## CHAPTER XV.

### DORRIEN STRUGGLES FOR THE MASTERY.

Then comes the anxious strife that prize to get:  
And then 'tis all he wants, and he must have it yet.—CRABBE.

THE invitation was declined, and the same afternoon brought Nemesis on the wings of the wind. The sisters had set out for a ramble, and were returning through the meadow, when their eyes simultaneously fell upon a horseman turning in at the gate, and that horseman proved to be Dorrien.

Catching sight of them almost at the same instant of their perceiving him, he was out of the saddle in a moment, and, calling to a gardener to take his horse to the stables, was down the slope, and by Monica's side, ere the pair could advance many steps to meet him. The usual greetings interchanged, and a movement being made to continue the stroll, 'I think I shall go in,' observed Isabel, who had her own ideas, whatever Monica might choose to admit. 'I wet my feet crossing the brook, and these wild flowers ought to be put in water at once. You won't stay long?' she added in a matter-of-course tone, for which Dorrien blessed her in his heart.

Bell and he were the best of friends. To others he invariably commended *her*, whilst dumb about her sister; and whenever able to detach his thoughts from the one theme, he was more ready to turn them in the direction of Monica's sister than of anyone or anything else.

In her present move he now saw a simple act gracefully performed. There was no need for others to follow because she felt herself obliged to take care of her health and her woodland treasures; and there was certainly no occasion for her to risk the well-being of either by remaining to form a third person of the party. As her light figure tripped up the slope he looked after

it admiringly: he felt as if he could afford to look admiringly: and then he turned with a sense of joy to Monica.

And yet he had really nothing in particular to say to Monica, nothing but what could have been said with perfect ease and propriety in the presence of another. At first, indeed, it seemed as if he had absolutely nothing to say at all. He walked by her side, bent his head to inhale the fragrance of the blossoms she held towards him, indulged himself with a touch, a look now and again, and felt that life was full for the time being.

On a sudden, however, he awakened up. 'I am to meet you at the Carnforths' on Tuesday, am I not?' he said, as they turned to retrace their steps along the dell, having come to an end of the trimly kept path.

'At the Carnforths?' repeated Monica. She had never thought of this. The name of Dorrien had never been mentioned to her by the Carnforths. 'I did not know you knew them,' subjoined she. 'I—we—we have only just made their acquaintance ourselves.'

'Oh, I have known them for long enough; I dine there whenever I am in this part of the world. It is the pleasantest house to go to about.'

'But I did not know you went to any house "about."'

'That's my mother's nonsense. She does not go, neither does my father; but I go wherever I am asked. Of course I mean in reason. I——'

'You "often wonder who lives in all the houses," Mr. Dorrien,' archly.

'You will never forgive me that? But I am not going to explain. You understand; you understood at the time; you saw it all at a glance. I knew none of the Schofield set, consequently I had to pretend that there was no other set. I never dreamed that *you*——'

'— Could belong to the Schofield set?'

But then she took pity on him. He had been unfortunately placed, and his confusion of ideas, nay the very blunder from which he had started, was in itself flattery which merited forgiveness. She now held out the olive branch with one of her own smiles. 'That little quarrel is worn out,' she cried, gaily. 'We must start another if we are to keep one on hand. But now about the houses and the people whom you really do go to hereabouts. You say there are some nice houses?'

'Oh, there are—lots!'

‘And we have ourselves begun to find this out.’

‘Of course. They are only just beginning to fill. The people go off for July and August, but September always brings them home. There are the Rowlands——’

‘—Oh, do you know the Rowlands?’

‘Rather. The Rowlands are the right sort. No humbug there. The Carnforths, you know—but you will find out all about the Carnforths in time. I nearly got my mother to know the Rowlands once; but it fell through. She won’t have the Carnforths at any price.’

‘And you are going there on Tuesday?’

‘You are, aren’t you?’ Something in her tone made him put the question quickly.

‘Certainly not,’ replied Monica, who had now come to a decision in her own mind. ‘We were invited; but we have declined.’

‘Declined?’

‘Shall I tell you why? We could have gone very well; we should have liked to go; but our uncle was not asked, and we do not choose to go to any house to which he is not admitted.’

‘Good gracious! Did the Carnforths do that?’ exclaimed Dorrien, deeply disconcerted. ‘Of course that was—was awfully bad. Of course that was—was just like them. But, Miss Lavenham,’ eagerly, ‘they never meant it. It was only their stupidity; they are the stupidest people in some ways—(though, of course, they are supposed to be a clever family)—in parenthesis—‘and—and I am positive they never meant any harm. Couldn’t you?’ and he turned upon her an imploring eye.

‘Can you suppose we could? We would not have our good, kind uncle slighted for the world.’

‘But they never thought of slighting him; they have never had any acquaintance with him, have they?’

‘Never. Then for what cause,’ continued Monica, with an air that wonderfully became her, ‘should they seek ours? We did not want them. We could have done without them very well indeed. But they came over last week——’

‘—I know; the very day after they returned from Scotland.’

‘From their uncle’s moor,’ proceeded Monica, with a wicked smile; ‘over they came, mother and daughters in full state. Isabel and I were out; but we found an array of cards on the table, *some* of which at least, it was to be supposed, were for our uncle. He was away from home, so we had to return the call

without knowing anything further; and then, when a note came this morning, it appeared that he was not mentioned in it.

Dorrien was gloomily mute. He had accepted his own invitation with transports. It had been baited better than anyone but himself knew. 'No party,' thus the words ran, 'only we have one or two people staying in the house. Captain Alverstoke and Mr. St. George are coming to shoot, and the Miss Lavenhams to dine.' It had not been supposed that Dorrien would know anything about the Miss Lavenhams amid their present surroundings; but, as the young ladies had been out for a couple of seasons in London, there might have been former meetings, or at any rate hearsay recollections, which would be of use on the present occasion.

Dorrien, as we say, had accepted with trembling eagerness. It was not only that here was an unexpected, an absolutely unsought opportunity for being in Monica's company, it was that such an opportunity would, he knew, be safely hedged in from any Schofield dangers.

He had been unable to resolve on any course of action with regard to Daisy Schofield; the truth being that he had, up to the date of his first appearance in these pages, gone almost as far as a man could go without absolutely putting the all-important question. He had solemnly assured both his parents of his intentions, and received their delighted assent and co-operation; he had paid court to Mrs. George Schofield openly and assiduously, after the fashion of a prospective son-in-law; and he had been rallied and congratulated by his friends. More than all the rest, he had partially satisfied his creditors with confidences and promises.

When alone, all of this would stand out to view in such bold relief, would so close round upon Dorrien and hem him in, as it were, that with a sigh and puff of his cigar he would resign himself to fate, inwardly exclaiming that such a poor devil as he had no choice, and that he was simply the victim of his forefathers' sins.

It was beastly bad luck that he should not be allowed to slip his head peacefully into the noose. He could have done that at once. He really liked Daisy Schofield after an easy fashion. We know that he cantered home singing after spending a long lazy afternoon at the Grange; and though, of course, he felt the atmosphere he breathed there to be different from that to which he was habituated, he had been enough about the world to make him able to endure it.

‘Once away from her own people, this girl will do well enough,’ had been his philosophical reflection as well as his father’s ; but, as he was really rather a good-natured young fellow than otherwise, he had arranged in his own mind that he and Daisy would dine with the Schofield party at least once on every occasion of their visiting Cullingdon Manor. As for living at Cullingdon with such a wife, he did not see himself doing that at all. Little did poor old Sir Arthur know that a very different plan of life spread itself before his son’s mental vision ; and now it might have opened the infatuated Dorrien’s eyes more than all besides, had he chosen to pry into his secret heart, to find that, with another bride, he would have desired no other home than that of his childhood.

Dimly aware of this, he still struggled to play out the game. He would decide upon nothing, bring nothing to a point. Excuses were found wherewith to satisfy his father, and plausible inferences were carefully prepared for the Schofields ; and time—only a little time, a few short weeks—was gained. Do not be too hard upon him, he really did not himself know to what depths his soul was stirred. He fancied the feeling would pass ; would wear out, and expire. He had always heard that this kind of thing did not last ; and that the more fiercely it burned for the time, the sooner would its strength be exhausted. Of Monica he thus thought :

‘She does not care for me, not in the least. She only likes to be amused, and have some one to talk to. If I may only have her to myself now and then, so as to grow accustomed to her, and get to think little of her, I shall soon be all right for Daisy.’

To accomplish this desired end, it was, however, so absolutely necessary to see Monica as often as possible, and to usurp her as much as possible, that such a chance of meeting on neutral ground as at the Carnforths’ was not to be let pass ; and it next became instantly desirable to make certain of his prospective bliss. Fortune favouring him, he had caught the sisters alone, friendly, and out-of-doors. At first it had been almost too much ; he had been dreamily satisfied with what the moment brought forth ; but when, on rousing himself to inquire regarding the forthcoming festivity, he had been met by the simple statement of a fact which admitted, or almost admitted, of no expostulation, other emotions tied his tongue.

The thing was done ; the overture had been rejected ; and now, not only was he defrauded of a whole precious evening, but not improbably of several more ! If Miss Lavenham had allowed to appear in her note the indignation which sparkled in her eye,

most certainly no further dealings would come to pass betwixt the families. His only comfort was in recollecting that, when Sir Arthur had demurred to the necessity for inviting Mr. Schofield with his nieces to Cullingdon, he had insisted upon his own view of the case, and had carried his point. What a chance it was that he had insisted! How should he have faced Monica now, if Sir Arthur had had his way?

'You see, we really had no option,' said she.

He was obliged to see it with the best grace he could.

'Uncle Schofield tried to persuade us to go.'

'Did he, indeed?' ('Sensible man,' internally muttered Dorrien; 'women are fools about etiquette, and such trash.')

'So it was not his doing. We should have pleased him better by going than by staying away.'

('And you would have pleased me also. Now, why could you not have pleased us both, instead of mounting this confounded high horse, which pleases nobody?') Young Dorrien rebelled in his heart, and this time he could not bring himself even to assent with his lips.

'I am afraid you think we have been tiresome,' said Monica, sweetly. 'Perhaps, if we had had time to consider, we might have thought as you do. If we had it to do over again——'

'—Who is that coming up the drive just now?' cried Dorrien, interrupting her. 'It is the Carnforths' groom. I know the man. He has come over again from their place. I swear he has! He has come with a message, with a note, or something. They have sent to ask your uncle now——'

'—Now?' exclaimed Monica. 'Surely you cannot mean it? You cannot think it? *Now?*'

'Why not? Oh! I'll answer for it they have——,' staring with eager eyes.

'You think they would dare?'

'Dare?' echoed Dorrien, confounded by her tone. 'Why—what—I don't understand——'

'—And, dear me, how absurd we both are!' cried she, with a sudden recollection and a merry laugh. 'You do not suppose I told Mrs. Carnforth the reason for our refusal, Mr. Dorrien? Oh, dear me! no; I merely "regretted we should be engaged on the evening" for which they asked us; I would not say a "prior engagement," because that would have been too civil, and I did not mean to be civil;—but I wrote as decidedly as I did vaguely.'

'All the same, the man has stopped at the back door,' said Dorrien, catching at a straw. 'Do let us go up and see what has brought him,' and, without waiting for her consent, he almost ran up the slope.

Smiling to herself, Monica followed, just in time to witness an explosion of mirth betwixt the groom and footman over what was evidently a jest at the former's expense. The words, 'You are a nice fellow, *you* are!' fell upon her ears, before her own sudden entrance upon the scene caused the necessary return to sobriety of demeanour.

The Carnforths' servant held a note in his hands, and with this missive the laughter and raillery were obviously connected.

'What is it, Thomas?' inquired Thomas's mistress with dignity, but nevertheless in quicker accents than were usual with her. 'Is anything wrong?'

'It was a mistake of mine, miss,' replied the horseman, touching his cap. 'I could not find anywhere the note I was given to take back from here this morning. I fancied all day I had laid it down again, and I could not be spared till now to come over to fetch it. I was just hearing that it had never been seen, when I put my hand in the saddle pocket, not thinking like, and here it was!'

A smothered exclamation broke from Dorrien.

'This is the note that Miss Lavenham wrote this morning?' he demanded, stepping forward.

'Yes, sir. Very sorry, sir—miss. It shall be delivered as soon as possible now, miss.'

'Here, give it me; Miss Lavenham would like to have it back,' said Dorrien, with a glance towards her. 'Wait a few moments. There was something else Miss Lavenham wished to say; she is glad of the opportunity. Shan't keep you half a minute,' hurrying his companion towards the house with an impetuosity that there was no resisting.

Twice Monica opened her lips to speak, and twice they closed again without emitting a syllable. On the one side of the question was not only pride, but conscience. Dorrien had never before shown so barefacedly the feelings by which he was actuated, and she was very well aware that they were feelings to which she had no right, and upon which she ought to have frowned. On the other hand, inclination prompted her to yield on every count, and inclination won the day.

The two entered the house. 'Don't go into the drawing-room,' whispered Dorrien. 'Write here,' pushing open the door of a little side room seldom used. 'Here are writing things;' and he ranged them before her, and gently pressed her into a seat. Then he stood by, with his hand on the back of the chair. She could feel, she could almost hear his breath come and go, during the silence of the next few moments.

'Oh, I don't know, I really don't know!' Bewildered by being thus taken possession of, and having her own strong will subjected to such high-handed treatment, Monica felt an irresolution unusual with her. She flushed and stammered. 'You see, Mr. Dorrien, I told my uncle——'

'— But you said he would be pleased to have you go.'

'Still,' and she felt herself blush anew, 'he would wonder, he would be surprised.'

'Not at all. In the morning, in the bustle and hurry of having to settle a thing off-hand, you took a fancy into your head, which I afterwards had the good fortune to dispel. It was a perfectly unfounded fancy. You were under a complete misconception of the case. I give you my word for it—I am ready to swear it—that no omission was intended. You had not thought of that, and now that you have the chance of reconsidering your decision, without the Carnforths ever having the slightest idea that you have done so——' and he pushed the paper under her hand.

At the same moment a step was heard coming through the hall.

'Do write, *do*,' whispered Dorrien, his tall form casting a deep shadow on the desk, as he bent over her in his urgency. She wrote: and when she had written, he thanked her in tones of which he ought to have been ashamed. Then he himself took the missive outside, and with his own hands gave it to the messenger, bidding him haste and begone.

'Where is the other, the note I wrote first? It had better be burnt,' said Monica, somewhat shamefacedly turning things over on his return. 'I am afraid Isabel will scold me for letting myself be argued out of my better judgment,' she added, endeavouring to give a cool, matter-of-fact colour to a concession which she was conscious would scarcely bear the light of day. 'You are responsible for this, Mr. Dorrien. You will have to bear the brunt of my uncle's astonishment. But I know why you have done it,' she added rapidly, and without looking round, for she durst not

face his smile: 'it is because you fancy we are unfortunate in our present surroundings, and that we must be deplorably in need of a little change, a little society, ever so small a scrap of gaiety. Is it not so? Am I not right?'

'Certainly. To be sure.' He beamed acquiescence. He had gained his point, and was willing now to fall in with any view of the matter from any point. 'It would really have been a pity to have knocked off so pleasant a house from your list. I am so glad I was in time. And *what luck* it was altogether,' exultation and triumph breaking through all barriers. 'Oh, heavens, *what luck!*'

'But where is my other note?' said Monica, looking round. She did not wish it to fall into the hands of servants, to whom it might afford subject for conjecture when coupled with the part Dorrien had played in its being cancelled.

'It is of no consequence, is it?' said he, indifferently. 'You got it back, and that is the only point worth considering. Shall we join your sister now?'

But Monica was not going to yield upon every occasion.

'I put it down here, among these papers,' she confidently asserted. 'I know I did;' turning over torn scraps and loose sheets out of the blotting book. 'It must be somewhere. One moment, Mr. Dorrien; I never like my letters to lie about. I must find it.'

'It is not lying about,' muttered Dorrien, under his breath. But he pretended to search also.

'How tiresome!' exclaimed Monica again. 'How very tiresome!' with some petulance. 'Are you sure you did not lift it? You were looking at it. Perhaps you put it by mistake into your pocket.'

He had, by Jove! With an awkward laugh, meant to be perfectly natural and spontaneous, Dorrien drew forth the little document; and his companion, who had been up to that moment really unsuspecting, on a sudden perceived what had been done. She began to think that she was having a good deal of fun out of this Harry Dorrien.

Gravely he handed her the note: she received it and tore it in shreds. Then they went into the drawing-room, and Bell was informed of the revolution which had taken place.

This was easily done. She had heard something, had guessed something, and was charmed with the whole.

Of course Mr. Dorrien knew best; of course they themselves

knew nothing. Monica had been too hasty; she thought at the time that Monica had been too hasty; and really Mr. Dorian's coming over, and showing them the matter in another light, was a special interposition on the part of Providence.

Neither of her auditors quite knew how they felt beneath this. Other powers than Providence do occasionally meddle with the affairs of men and women, and though neither replied to the gay prattle, nor looked at one another, perhaps each was thinking the same thoughts.

*(To be continued.)*

## ‘*The Light of the World.*’<sup>1</sup>

IT is not without misgiving that I accede to the request that I would write a notice of Sir Edwin Arnold’s new poem, ‘*The Light of the World, or the Great Consummation.*’

In the first place, I am an old friend of Sir Edwin’s. We were boys together, and in the same class. We sat on the same benches, shared in the same studies, composed our Latin verses on the same themes, and competed for the same prizes. To me all that he writes comes laden with old memories of his ardent sympathy and youthful enthusiasm. A witty novelist speaks of a review ‘so bitter that it could only have been written by a personal friend.’ Such hypocritic friendship is as alien from me as ‘log-rolling’ is. When I read a book it never occurs to me to ask whether a friend wrote it or an enemy; whether it emanated from a school of thought with which I sympathise, or one with which I disagree. Dishonest praise is only less distasteful to me than dishonest blame, because on all occasions, so far as individuals are concerned, I feel greater happiness in expressing approval than in finding fault.

The acute reader will perceive how completely I am writing myself down ‘no critic.’ I lack all the qualifications which go to the production of so much ordinary criticism. I have no jealousies, literary or other. I am not the member of any party which requires that insult or depreciation should be poured on its opponents. Though I have, for good or for evil, written much, I never wrote a word intended or calculated to give pain to any person. If I were called upon to speak such words it would seem to me more base to do it anonymously than with my name. When I read a book I do so for pleasure, for profit, or for relaxation. If it answers its purpose I am grateful to the writer, and gladly forgive his demerits and frailties. If it neither amuses nor instructs me I lay

<sup>1</sup> *The Light of the World*, &c. By Sir Edwin Arnold, K.C.I.E., C.S.I. One vol. crown 8vo. Longmans, Green, & Co.

it down and leave it alone. But I should in many cases be ready to admit that the failure of the book is due to my own fault quite as much as to that of the writer; and many a book, if it had a voice, might say to the disappointed reader—

Sis sus, sis Divus, sum caltha, et non tibi spiro.

But, as for hunting out misprints, and parading trivial oversights, or inventing mistakes where they do not exist, or ignoring every merit and dwelling exclusively on defects, or repeating to an author's depreciation any decrepit sneer or threadbare epigram to which false friend or open enemy may have given vogue against him, I would rather cut off my right hand than write reviews of that nature. I prefer to leave such methods of reviewing to those who feel it no degradation to stoop to them; all that I shall attempt will be to give some account of the poem, and to say exactly what I think of its value and its merits.

Sir Edwin Arnold is now well known as a poet. He has published several volumes of verse, and even his earliest volumes contain lyrics which those who have read them will not easily forget. The 'Feast of Belshazzar,' which won the Newdigate Prize at Oxford in 1852, attracted more notice than any prize poem since Heber's 'Palestine,' and deserves more permanence than ninety-nine out of a hundred prize poems can ever claim. It is eleven years since he published his 'Light of Asia,' which has gone through a multitude of editions. It is at least as popular in America as in England, and it procured to the author from a Buddhist potentate—the King of Siam—the Order of the White Elephant. It is a book full of charm, of noble teaching, and of fine poetry, and thoroughly deserved its great popularity. Since then Sir Edwin has given us his 'Indian Poetry' in 1881, and his delightful 'Pearls of the Faith' in 1883. The reading public of two hemispheres knows that any poem from his pen will be attractive and serious.

These later volumes of verse have owed some of their impressiveness and interest to the high and pure thoughts which he has drawn from his acquaintance with Hindoo and Arabian literature. In 'The Light of the World' he depends in a very subordinate degree upon those sources of interest, and treads the ground—so familiar to millions of Christian readers for long centuries—of the land

Over whose acres walked those blessed feet  
Which eighteen hundred years ago were nailed  
For our salvation to the bitter cross.

On this volume, therefore, more than on those which have preceded it, will depend the general estimate which we form of him as an English poet of the Victorian era.

He cannot of course be placed—he would not, I am sure, dream of any claim to be placed—on the same line with the two great poets whom this era has produced—Lord Tennyson and Mr. Browning. In any attempt to rank the poets of this generation a line must be drawn between their names and that of any of their contemporaries.

Their rank, unless we are deceived by the special appropriateness of their teaching to the age which they have adorned, is with the very highest. No contemporary poet has equalled the pathos, the melody, the rich imagination, the high level of perfection which marks out the workmanship of the one; or the extraordinary learning, versatility, insight, originality, and profundity of the other. Nor again can Sir Edwin Arnold match the exquisite felicities of diction, the consummate taste and classical refinement of Mr. Matthew Arnold; nor is he gifted with the rich vocabulary and lyric frenzy—what De Quincey might have called the 'jewelly hæmorrhage' of words and metaphors—which are to be found in the best work of Mr. Swinburne. But he has little to fear from comparison with any other poet of our time, and the intrinsic merit of his poems will secure them a permanent place in English literature. It is never safe to prophesy of any poetry, short of the very greatest, that it will hold its ground against the ravages of time, and not be crushed under the mountainous accumulations of literature, much of which aspires to something more than a merely ephemeral interest. But it is certainly true of Sir Edwin Arnold's 'Light of Asia' and 'Light of the World,' that they have a far higher claim to live than a great deal of English poetry which has managed to survive the incalculable quantity which year by year is born only to perish.

The 'Light of the World' will have to encounter the silent or open prejudices of two classes of readers.

There are those—very few I trust in number—who have persuaded themselves that the Kingdom of Christ is at an end, and that criticism has shattered the credibility of the Gospels. Of late years there have been some who have, with daring irreverence, assailed even the moral supremacy of Jesus, and

Not even from the Holy One of Heaven  
Refrained their tongues blasphemous.

From such assailants Christianity has nothing to fear. On all grounds of *vital* criticism they have been met and defeated all along the line, and nothing is more remarkable than the way in which even those who have insisted most strenuously that Christ was nothing more than man, have yet been unable to approach Him otherwise than with awful reverence and on their knees.

Sir Edwin Arnold writes throughout as a believer in the supernatural. If he seems to find difficulties in the 'Song of the Angels to the Shepherds,' the misgiving melts away before the thought—

Why shall no inner under splendours burst  
Once—twice—the veil? Why put a marvel by  
Because too rich with hope?

and seeing how vast were the world-issues of the Dawn of Christianity—

What cause of wondering  
If that one silence of all silences  
Brake into music? if, for hopes like these,  
Angels, who love us, sang that song, and show  
Of Time's fair purpose made the 'great light' glow?

And again—

If rivers from their crystal founts flow down,  
If 'twas the dawn which did day's gold unbar,  
Ye were beginning of the best that are,  
The most we see, the highest that we know,  
The lifting heavenwards of man's life below.

Through all his poem runs a belief in the Incarnation and in the Resurrection, and he accepts the Gospel narrative of the miraculous power which healed the sick and raised the dead. It is because of this belief that

Therefore, though better lips ye shall not lack,  
Suffer, if one of modern mood steals back—  
Weary and wayworn, from the Desert-road  
Of barren Thought; from Hope's Dead Sea which glowed  
With Love's fair mirage; from the Poet's haunt,  
The Scholar's lamp, the Statesman's scheme, the vaunt,  
'The failure, of all fond Philosophies,—  
Back unto thee, back to thy olive-trees,

Thy people, and thy story, and thy Son,  
Mary of Nazareth ! so long agone  
Bearing us Him Who made our Christendom,  
And came—to save the Earth—from Heav'n, His home.

But there are some who, from the very intensity of their faith and the sensitiveness of their devotion, cannot bear that, in speaking of the Saviour of the world, there should be the least scope for the exercise of imagination, or that any writer should say one word of Him which diverges from the letter, or which in any way goes beyond the Gospel narrative. In my 'Life of Christ,' written seventeen years ago, I rigidly excluded every element of fancy, and when I alluded to any incident reported only by tradition or legend, I carefully separated it from the recorded facts. My task was simply to bring out the whole force and bearing of the Gospel narrative by attending to the minutest shades of meaning indicated in the original Greek, and by shedding upon the circumstances narrated by the four Evangelists the light of the historic surroundings and local colouring derived from the religion, the customs, and the scenery of Palestine. The object of the poet is different. The setting of his picture is purely imaginative. But it is only in the setting that he has given play to his imagination. His treatment of the Person and the work of the Christ is uninvaded by a single extraneous circumstance. He has not followed the highly reprehensible example of treating Him as a fit subject to be introduced into fiction, or of inventing one miracle or incident in order to attribute it to Him. In all that pertains to the description of His teaching and actions, Sir Edwin has been guided by the right instinct, which has kept him faithful to the letter of the sacred records. He has not, therefore, taken the slightest liberty with the name which all Christians reverence, nor has he even availed himself of those numerous apocryphal writings of the earliest centuries, which, in the attempt to enhance the glory of Jesus, did but dishonour Him. If any go further than this, and regard it as an irreverence to make the Son of Man in any way the subject of a poem or of a narrative, the instinct of Christendom no longer sanctions their view. One of the sweetest and purest saints of God in the Middle Ages, St. Bonaventura, of whom, as of Melanchthon, it might have been said that the old Adam had but little part in him, was the earliest author of any 'Life of Christ.' Indeed, the endeavour to set forth the full significance of one or other part of the Gospel story is again and again attempted by the greatest

and holiest of the Fathers, both Greek and Latin. A Greek drama, still extant, of 2,601 lines, called 'Christus Patiens,' has been attributed to no less an authority than Gregory of Nazianzus. And, not to speak of Pope's 'Messiah,' or Giles Fletcher's 'Victory and Triumph of Christ,' Sir Edwin might have claimed the immortal example of Milton's 'Paradise Regained' for far bolder treatment of the words and thoughts of Jesus than any on which he has ventured. He has, with wise self-control, refrained from adding to the touches of the sacred picture.

On the other hand, no one can say one word of legitimate blame against the poet, if, in the framework of his story, he introduces characters who play their part in the Bible narrative, and accepts traditions respecting them which were widely current in early Christendom. It may be freely conceded that his Lady Miriam of Magdala occupies in the poem a position which cannot in any way be inferred from the Gospels; but Sir Edwin might fairly plead that here he scarcely amplifies the data derivable from Christian and Jewish traditions. The purposes of the historian, who endeavours to discover rigid fact, and of the poet, who makes incidents of avowed fiction the vehicle of moral and spiritual instruction, lie widely apart from each other. In a history no one could blend the derivation of 'Magdalene' from the town of Magdala with the other fantastic Rabbinic derivation of the word from *gâdal*, 'to twine,' as though it referred to Mary's 'braided locks.' In incidents which do not pretend to be otherwise than imaginary, it is quite allowable to accept both derivations. When the poet speaks of Pappus and Pandera he merely alludes to well-known names of Talmudic legend, and is not asking to be taken *au grand sérieux*. One cannot, indeed, but regret that Sir Edwin has also availed himself of the impossible, and, in some respects, displeasing, identification of Mary of Magdala with Mary of Bethany. That they were different persons, and had not the least resemblance to each other—except so far as each is the heroine of one incident of passionate love—may be regarded as a certain result of modern criticism. Yet who shall blame the poet when he might claim for their identification the authority of St. Gregory the Great; the general tradition of the Western (though not of the much greater writers and critics of the Eastern) Church; the services for the feast of St. Mary Magdalene in the Roman Breviary; the authority of the English Prayer Book of 1549; and even the names of such men in the English Church as Bishop Andrewes, Dr. Lightfoot of the 'Horræ Hebraicæ,' and Dr. Pusey?

The Introduction of the poem is called 'At Bethlehem.' It describes the night of the Nativity, the Song of the Angels, and the visits of the shepherds and the Magi to the manger-cradle. It is mainly written in rhymed heroic verse, though of a more varied and less artificial melody than the tune of Pope. It contains one passage in the metre of Milton's 'Ode to the Nativity,' and one lyric which we shall quote, as its refrain is re-introduced in several later passages of the poem :

PEACE BEGINNING TO BE,  
DEEP AS THE SLEEP OF THE SEA  
WHEN THE STARS THEIR FACES GLASS  
IN ITS BLUE TRANQUILLITY;  
HEARTS OF MEN UPON EARTH,  
FROM THE FIRST TO THE SECOND BIRTH,  
TO REST AS THE WILD WATERS REST  
WITH THE COLOURS OF HEAVEN ON THEIR BREAST.

LOVE, WHICH IS SUNLIGHT OF PEACE,  
AGE BY AGE TO INCREASE,  
TILL ANGER AND HATE ARE DEAD  
AND SORROW AND DEATH SHALL CEASE;  
'PEACE ON EARTH AND GOODWILL!'  
SOULS THAT ARE GENTLE AND STILL,  
HEAR THE FIRST MUSIC OF THIS  
FAR-OFF, INFINITE BLISS!

The Magi are usually regarded as Chaldeans, but Sir Edwin makes them 'true followers of the Buddh,' with saffron scarfs round their necks

and twixt the eyes,  
In saffron stamped, the name of mysteries  
OM; and the Swastika, with secrets rife  
How man may 'scape the dire deceits of life.

The Introduction closes with a passage about the Massacre of the Innocents, which is almost the only one in which the poet gives us a glimpse of his theological views. The glimpse is too slight and incidental and ambiguously expressed to dwell upon. It seems to show that Sir Edwin's doctrinal standpoint is hardly that of the Athanasian Creed; but it does not affect the general scope of the poem, to which readers will go for other things than theological instruction. Sir Edwin is at least fully alive to the vast and beneficent results which Christianity has wrought in the

domain of human history. He tells us that the Angels had much cause that night

To lift the curtain of Hope's hidden light,  
To break decree of Silence with Love's cry,

foreseeing that the Babe of Bethlehem should, past dispute—

Bring Earth great gifts of blessing and of bliss ;  
Date, from that crib, the Dynasty of Love ;  
Strip his misused thunderbolts from Jove ;  
Bend to their knees Rome's Cesars ; break the chain  
From the slave's neck ; set sick hearts free again,  
Bitterly bound by priests, and scribes, and scrolls ;  
And heal with balm of pardon sinking souls ;  
Should Mercy to her vacant throne restore,  
Teach Right to Kings, and Patience to the Poor ;  
Should by His sweet name all names overthrow,  
And by His lovely words the quick seeds sow  
Of golden equities, and brotherhood,  
Of Pity, Peace, and gentle praise of good ;  
Of knightly honour, holding life in trust  
For God, and Lord, and all things pure and just ;  
Lowly to Woman, for Maid Mary's sake.

The First Book, 'Mary Magdalene,' is in some respects the finest. Like most of the poem, it is written in blank verse. It opens with one of several lovely descriptions of the Sea of Galilee :

Clear silver water in a cup of gold,  
Under the sunlit steepes of Gadara,  
It shines—His Lake—the Sea of Chinnereth—  
The waves He loved, the waves that kissed His feet  
So many blessed days. Oh, happy waves !  
Oh, little, silver, happy Sea, far-famed,  
Under the sunlit steepes of Gadara !

The poem was conceived in Galilee when the writer was wandering there 'with reverent feet,'

Treading Christ's ground, and breathing Christ's sweet air.

As one who will carry with him till death an ineffaceable impression of the lonely desolation and indescribable charm of that scene, which now—as we hear with an involuntary shudder—is to be vulgarised and desecrated with the scream and smoke of the

railway train—I can bear witness to the accuracy of the descriptions of which the poetic beauty will be recognised by every reader.

Now all is changed—all save the changeless things—  
 The mountains, and the waters, and the sky—  
 These, as He saw them, have their glory yet  
 At sunrise, and at sunset; and when noon  
 Burns the blue vault into a cope of gold.  
 And oftentimes, in the Syrian Spring, steals back  
 Well-nigh the ancient beauty to those coasts  
 Where Christ's feet trod. That Lily which He loved  
 And praised for splendour passing Solomon's—  
 The scarlet martagon—decks herself still,  
 Mindful of His high words, in red and gold,  
 To meet the step of Summer. Cyclamens  
 Lift their pale heads to see if He will pass;  
 And amaryllis and white hyacinths  
 Pour from their pearly vases spikenard forth,  
 Lest He should come unhonoured. In His path  
 Still, as of old, the lowly crocus spreads  
 A golden carpet for Him, and the birds—  
 Small almoners of Heaven, as once He said,  
 Who fall not unregarded—trill their hymns  
 Of lively love and thanks in every thorn.

After a fine passage, in which he bewails the ravages of man  
 amid the infinite charm of that quiet scene, he continues—

Dead lie His once fair fields;  
 Barren the fallows where His sower sowed.  
 None reap the silver harvests of the sea;  
 None in the wheat-row roots the ill tares out.  
 The hungry land gasps empty in the glare;  
 The vulture's self goes famished; the wolf prowls,  
 Fasting, amid the broken stones which built  
 The cities of His sojourn. Wild birds nest  
 Where revels once were loudest. All are gone  
 Save for those names never to pass away—  
 Capernaum, Bethsaida, Magdala—  
 The nine white towns that sate beside His Lake.

None surely knoweth of Capernaum  
 Whether 'twas here or there. Perchance He dwelt  
 Longest and latest at this nameless mound  
 Where, on the broken column, rests the stork;

Where knot-grass with its spikes, and bitter balls  
Of trailing colocynth, and nebbuk-thorns  
Bind as they will the marble wrecks, and weave  
Shelter for shy jerboas and the snake.

Amid these scenes, at Magdala, stops Pontius Pilate with his wife, Procula, on his way northward to answer at Rome the charges of his infuriated provincials. The striking character of Pilate is here powerfully brought into relief. Pilate relates to his wife the scenes of the trial of Christ, which haunt his conscience and trouble his sleep. He feels that the hour when he gave way through fear of Cæsar to the hellish cries of the mob at Jerusalem, hounded on by their priests and elders, was an hour in which he had inflicted a deadly wound on his conscience, and on his Roman courage and sense of justice. His Prisoner had passed silent to lofty death ; he, the judge, to a shamed life. The worst that his enemies can inflict on Pilate is not a tenth part so deadly as this hurt which he wrought against himself. He feels how the simple Majesty of Christ stripped him bare of all his honours, and made him not the judge but the self-condemned prisoner at the bar. He cries out :

Oh, thou great, grave face !  
That journey'dst with me on this mindful day,  
Amid Thy watching hills of Galilee ;  
Why didst Thou not reply ?—I might have saved !  
Why wouldst Thou not reply ?—I would have saved !

But Christ's kingly speech had been followed by kingly silence, and, despite the spear stabbed socket-deep, and the rocky tomb, and the watch, Pilate cannot escape that Face ; he fears that even in Imperial Rome he shall meet it.

Will He run over-sea whose tireless step  
Outstrips my swiftest war-horse, mends my stride  
On every march, pitches my camp with me,  
Sits with me in my tent, my judgment-hall,  
My banquet-room, my bed-place ; watches me  
With those great eyes which do not hate, nor blast,  
But send a keen light to my inmost self,  
Where I read, ' This is Pontius, Fortune's slave  
For Cæsar's fear ' ?

Perplexed by these awful anxieties, he asks if anyone at Magdala has known this Prophet of Nazareth. A Syrian hand-

maid tells him that He is now lodging in the house of the Lady Miriam of Magdala, once a sinner and possessed by seven devils—afterwards one of those who ministered to Jesus. Pilate sends for her, and at his bidding she tells him something of Christ's life and Resurrection.

Also she told beautiful words He spake,—  
Words of bright mercy and of boundless peace—  
With wisdom wondrous, clad in simplest speech,  
As scent, and silver leaves, are shut, and seed,  
For golden gardens under suns to come,  
In the upfolded flow'r-cup. 'Which blest buds,'  
Spake she, 'shall blossom ever more and more  
For all flesh living, till the full fruit rounds,  
And there be "Peace on Earth—Peace and Goodwill!"'

Many had drawn near to listen while Mary spoke, and among them a stately stranger from the East, who, when she ceased, steps forth and lays at her feet a scroll. But Pilate, deeply moved, springs up and orders his band at once to prepare his horse, that they may ride to Sepphoris, lest one more watch spent in listening to such words should brand him Nazarene. While he is waiting for the train to get ready, he strides down furiously to the margin of the Lake, and the day begins to dawn over him 'with soft forgiving splendour,' ridging the hills with rose,

While every wimpling wavelet of the sea  
Rolled a light edge of silver on the gloom.

He is touched by the glory of the morning, and the breeze which wafts the folds of his war-cloak no less than the innocent plumes of the water-linnets in the reeds; and he thinks of the verse which Mary has quoted, 'He maketh His sun to shine on the evil and the good.' Still more deeply does he muse on what shall be his portion—

if these things grow  
And Rome should pass, and huge Olympus' self  
Be emptied of its gods.

He turns to mount his war-horse, and as the day broadens over Galilee, 'forgetting no man's roof,' the message of the angels and their song of hope seems to sound in the whispering palms and waving grass.

The Second Book is called the 'Magus.' The Eastern traveller who laid the scroll at Mary's feet was one of the three Magi who

had visited Christ's cradle; and the scroll contained a request that Mary would suffer him to talk with her, since he is anxious to learn about Him with whom she had walked in Galilee. He is specially anxious to know what truths Jesus had taught beyond those of his Lord, Buddha. In answer to the request, Mary tells him the story of the life of Jesus. What she says of the Nativity again illustrates the poet's point of view. She says—

Sir! if thou shouldst pluck

A thousand lilies here in Galilee  
One would show whitest silver; one would have  
Most gold at heart. And, Sir! if thou shouldst fetch  
A thousand pearls up from thy Arab Sea  
One would gleam brightest, best! The queenliest gem,  
The choicest bloom, would happen suddenly;  
Unlooked for! What hath made them perfect none  
Wotteth, no more than where the fount will rise  
Amid a hundred hollows of the grass  
Whence the stream starts; no more than which shall be—  
Of cedar-apples shed by myriads  
When sea-winds shake the groves on Lebanon—  
The chosen one to shoot, and grow, and spread  
A roof of dark green glory o'er the hill.  
In such wise, as I dare to deem, He came  
Of purest Mother Perfect Child, begot  
Divinelier, surely, than we know; arrived  
In this world—of the many worlds—by path  
Leading to birth as new, as sweet, as strange  
As what His dear feet opened past the Tomb.  
If we should strive to say in mortal speech  
Where He was Man, and why much more than Man,  
The earthly words would mar the heavenly truths.  
Love tells it best in its simplicity,  
And worship in the deepest silences.

The rest of the book sketches in outline what is known of Christ's infancy and early years up to the age of manhood and the beginning of the ministry.

The Third Book is called 'The Alabaster Box.' Mary shows to the Magus the precious fragments of the alabaster box which she had once broken to aneal with its priceless perfume Christ's unsandalled feet. This enables her to introduce the story of how, in her splendid days of sin and luxury, she had met Him after His sermon in the synagogue of Nazareth, when, rejected by the Nazarenes, He had gone to Kenna. On that day, by a word, He

had healed the son of Herod's courtier. Convinced by His aspect and His works, she had followed Him to Capernaum, had witnessed His further miracles, had heard His teaching, and had listened to the wondrous sermon on the Kûrn Hattin.

Oh, Sir, think

In that one mountain morning—at one word—  
All our World changed ! Poverty rich ! sick hearts  
Comforted ! those who weep to laugh and sing !  
This Earth the Anteroom to neighbouring Heaven ;  
Wise souls its salt ; pure souls its lamps, set high  
Like cities upon hills, like candlesticks  
Lighting the house ! 'So let them shine,' He said :  
'That men see your good works, and glorify  
Your Father in the heavens !'

The little touches by which the poet strives to bring out the lessons of the Sermon on the Mount are illustrated in the following passage, in the words, 'If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children. . . .'

'Else'—tenderly He smiled, and wistful gazed  
On mothers suckling black-eyed babes, and sires  
Holding their brown boys high to see and hear,  
Halving one barley-crust—'else were you men—  
Being evil, and so gentle, not the less,  
To these your children—kinder to bestow  
Than the Bestower ! more to praise than God !'  
At this—as who well knew what idle things  
Children will ask—and men—he drew, in gold,  
Plain as the Sun's long line across the Lake,  
Our road to follow : 'WHAT YE WOULD THAT MEN  
SHOULD DO TO YOU, DO YE LIKEWISE TO THEM !  
THE LAW IS THIS, THE PROPHETS THIS !'

Then, after a pathetic description of the miracle at Nain, Mary relates the incident at the feast of Simon, and how, heart-broken by true penitence, she had washed Christ's feet with her tears and wiped them with the hairs of her head.

The Fourth Book, called 'The Parables,' opens with the remark of the Magus that much of Christ's teaching reminds him of that of 'the great Tathâgata,' but that Buddha held life to be one long sorrow, whereas Christ's doctrine was glad. Mary confirms his impression. She says—

Nay, and those never knew my Master's mind,  
Nor touched the golden hem of what He taught,

Nor tasted honied lesson of His lips,  
Who drew not from the treasure of those lips  
Joyance to make him glad to live or die!

In illustration she proceeds to tell him of some of Christ's Parables as bringing out the hidden meaning of the world. But the Mage is still oppressed by the riddle of the world; by the fact that without slaughter there is no meat for the young vulture and the tiger, and that in the Realm of Love, nevertheless—

Each slays a slayer, and in turn is slain.

Mary answers that the Infinite is incomprehensible here, but that Christ said 'He who hath seen Me hath seen the Father.' The Ideal that He revealed was a God of Love, and the duty He taught was a life of love.

And, in the house once, at Capernaum—  
His Twelve, disputing who was first and chief—  
He took a little child, knit holy arms  
Round the brown, flower-soft boy; and smiled and said:  
'Here is the first and chiefest! If a man  
Will be the greatest, see he make himself  
Lowest and least; a servant unto all;  
Meek as My small disciple here, who asks  
No place, nor praise; but takes unquestioning  
Love, as the river-lilies take the sun,  
And pays it back with rosy folded palms  
Clasped round My neck, and simple head reclined  
On his Friend's breast.'

Understanding the lesson of childlike trust, the sage expresses his wonder that Jesus had confined His teaching to the small world of Palestine. She replies that He came in contact with the great world of Heathendom when He visited Tyre, and narrates the story of the Syro-Phœnician woman.

At this point the poem pauses for a moment to speak of Tyre, and the conquest of Christianity over the heathen world.

The Fifth Book is entitled 'The Love of God and Man.' It is destined to the object of bringing out other great points in Christ's teaching, and contrasting it with the corruptions of later Christianity, when

Some far-off Pharisees will take His law—  
Written with Love's light fingers on the heart,  
Not stamped on stone 'mid glare of lightning-fork—  
Will take, and make its code incorporate;

And from its grace write grim phylacteries  
 To deck the head of dressed Authority ;  
 And from its golden mysteries forge keys  
 To jingle in the belt of pious pride ;  
 And change its heavenly cherishing tenderness  
 To warrant for the sword, the chain, the flame,  
 Lending hard Hate the sacred seals of Love,  
 And crying : ' Who believes not, perishes ! '

Against all hard and cruel teaching, not only all Christ's doctrines, but His very existence is the protest. The fact that He became man shows that all, even the vilest, were worth His tenderness and compassion. The fact that He ate and drank among men, and that His hair fluttered in the breeze which stirred that of His fellow men, proved His perfect humanity, and involved a rich promise for all mankind. The Mage is by this time convinced indeed that the teaching of Christ was diviner than that of the Lord Buddh, but asks whether Jesus had thrown any light on the awful mystery and indignity of death. In reply Mary leads into his presence the daughter of Jairus—to whom is given the name Shelômith—whom Jesus had raised from the dead in Galilee. She has little definite to tell, but she intimates that death had revealed itself to her as the foreshadowing of a new and more glorious life.

The last Book is called 'The Great Consummation.' The Mage thinks that the seeming death of Shelômith may have been only a trance ; and to remove all further doubts Mary tells him the story of the raising of Lazarus, who is here represented as her brother, because she is identified with Mary of Bethany. After this she narrates the Betrayal of Christ, the Agony and Bloody Sweat, the Cross and Passion, the precious Death and Burial, the glorious Resurrection and Ascension, and especially His appearance to her in the Garden, by which she won

The first word ever spoke from Heaven's own mouth  
 Plain to earth's ear, to tell us Death has died,  
 And Love shall save all that will trust in Him.

And thus, with a repetition of the lyric of the introduction, the poem ends.

I have endeavoured to fulfil one, at least, of the functions of a critic—a very humble one—by simply setting before the reader the nature of the book, and giving such an outline of its structure as may show him exactly what he has to expect. Further, I have purposely

quoted many specimens of the poetry in order that no prejudice of mine, either against or in favour of it, may stand in the way of the reader's desire to form his own appreciation of its beauty or of its demerits. For myself, I can only say that I have read it with delight and with keen interest. It seems to me to be a very beautiful poem, rich in noble thoughts. I venture to prophesy for it a wide and loving appreciation wherever the English language is spoken. I believe that it will be even more popular than 'The Light of Asia,' and, whatever may be its ultimate destiny, I know enough of the poet to feel sure that he will say with Wordsworth—

If thou indeed derive thy light from heaven,  
Then, to the measure of that heaven-born light,  
Shine, poet, in thy place, and be content.

F. W. FARRAR.

## *Stone-Broke.*

TWO battered hurdles,  
 A heap of stones,  
 A hayband wrapping  
 The hurdles' bones.

A sack in tatters,  
 And in it thrust  
 Straw half-rotten  
 And grass half dust.

There through the Autumn  
 A grey old man  
 Began to hammer  
 Ere day began ;

And there, while lingered  
 A ray of light,  
 He sat and hammered  
 From dawn till night.

And through December  
 He hammered still,  
 Though cold, and ragged,  
 And old, and ill.

'The House?' 'No, better  
 To die instead,  
 Or go on living  
 On naught but bread.'

And so through all of  
 The long grim frost  
 He worked, as grimly,  
 Counting the cost:

The windy wayside  
Was bare and bleak,  
The icy East blew  
Week after week.

His eyes grew dimmer,  
His back more bent,  
Slower and slower  
His hammer went.

But he hammered early,  
He hammered late,  
Till his heap had gathered  
To yonder gate.

He hammered, hammered  
Till all was done,  
The whole heap finished  
To its last stone.

The last stone broken,  
He did not stir;  
He seemed a watcher  
Or listener.

He sat, nor heeded  
The cold snows blown—  
His own heart broken,  
Himself a stone.

A. H. BEESLY.

## *The Pupil.*

IN TWO PARTS.

### PART I.

THE poor young man hesitated and procrastinated : it cost him such an effort to broach the subject of terms, to speak of money to a person who spoke only of feelings and, as it were, of the aristocracy. Yet he was unwilling to take leave, treating his engagement as settled, without some more conventional glance in that direction than he could find an opening for in the manner of the large, affable lady who sat there drawing a pair of soiled *gants de Suède* through a fat, jewelled hand and, at once pressing and gliding, repeated over and over everything but the thing he would have liked to hear. He would have liked to hear the figure of his salary ; but just as he was nervously about to sound that note the little boy came back—the little boy Mrs. Moreen had sent out of the room to fetch her fan. He came back without the fan, only with the casual observation that he couldn't find it. As he dropped this cynical confession he looked straight and hard at the candidate for the honour of taking his education in hand. This personage reflected, somewhat grimly, that the first thing he should have to teach his little charge would be to appear to address himself to his mother when he spoke to her—especially not to make her such an improper answer as that.

When Mrs. Moreen bethought herself of this pretext for getting rid of their companion, Pemberton supposed it was precisely to approach the delicate subject of his remuneration. But it had been only to say some things about her son which it was better that a boy of eleven shouldn't catch. They were extravagantly to his advantage, save when she lowered her voice to sigh, tapping her left side familiarly, ' And all overclouded by *this*, you know—all at the mercy of a weakness — ! ' Pemberton gathered that the

weakness was in the region of the heart. He had known the poor child was not robust : this was the basis on which he had been invited to treat, through an English lady, an Oxford acquaintance, then at Nice, who happened to know both his needs and those of the amiable American family looking out for something really superior in the way of a resident tutor.

The young man's impression of his prospective pupil, who had first come into the room, as if to see for himself, as soon as Pemberton was admitted, was not quite the soft solicitation the visitor had taken for granted. Morgan Moreen was, somehow, sickly without being delicate, and that he looked intelligent (it is true Pemberton wouldn't have enjoyed his being stupid) only added to the suggestion that, as with his big mouth and big ears he really couldn't be called pretty, he might be unpleasant. Pemberton was modest—he was even timid ; and the chance that his small scholar might prove cleverer than himself had quite figured, to his nervousness, among the dangers of an untried experiment. He reflected, however, that these were risks one had to run when one accepted a position, as it was called, in a private family ; when as yet one's University honours had, pecuniarily speaking, remained barren. At any rate, when Mrs. Moreen got up as if to intimate that, since it was understood he would enter upon his duties within the week she would let him off now, he succeeded, in spite of the presence of the child, in squeezing out a phrase about the rate of payment. It was not the fault of the conscious smile which seemed a reference to the lady's expensive identity, if the allusion did not sound rather vulgar. This was exactly because she became still more gracious to reply, ' Oh ! I can assure you that all that will be quite regular.'

Pemberton only wondered, while he took up his hat, what ' all that ' was to amount to—people had such different ideas. Mrs. Moreen's words, however, seemed to commit the family to a pledge definite enough to elicit from the child a strange little comment, in the shape of the mocking, foreign ejaculation, ' Oh ! là-là ! '

Pemberton, in some confusion, glanced at him as he walked slowly to the window with his back turned, his hands in his pockets and the air in his elderly shoulders of a boy who didn't play. The young man wondered if he could teach him to play, though his mother had said it would never do and that this was why school was impossible. Mrs. Moreen exhibited no discomfiture ; she only continued blandly, ' Mr. Moreen will be delighted to meet your wishes. As I told you, he has been called to London

for a week. As soon as he comes back you shall have it out with him.'

This was so frank and friendly that the young man could only reply, laughing as his hostess laughed, 'Oh! I don't imagine we shall have much of a battle.'

'They'll give you anything you like,' the boy remarked unexpectedly, returning from the window. 'We don't mind what anything costs—we live awfully well.'

'My darling, you're too quaint!' his mother exclaimed, putting out to caress him a practised but ineffectual hand. He slipped out of it, but looked with intelligent, innocent eyes at Pemberton, who had already had time to notice that, from one moment to the other, his small satiric face seemed to change its time of life. At this moment it was infantine; yet it appeared also to be under the influence of curious intuitions and knowledges. Pemberton rather disliked precocity, and he was disappointed to find gleams of it in a disciple not yet in his teens. Nevertheless he divined on the spot that Morgan wouldn't prove a bore. He would prove, on the contrary, a kind of excitement. This idea held the young man, in spite of a certain repulsion.

'You pompous little person! We're not extravagant!' Mrs. Moreen gaily protested, making another unsuccessful attempt to draw the boy to her side. 'You must know what to expect,' she went on to Pemberton.

'The less you expect the better!' her companion interposed. 'But we *are* people of fashion.'

'Only so far as *you* make us so!' Mrs. Moreen mocked, tenderly. 'Well, then, on Friday—don't tell me you're superstitious—and mind you don't fail us. Then you'll see us all. I'm so sorry the girls are out. I guess you'll like the girls. And, you know, I've another son, quite different from this one.'

'He tries to imitate me,' said Morgan to Pemberton.

'He tries? Why, he's twenty years old!' cried Mrs. Moreen.

'You're very witty,' Pemberton remarked to the child—a proposition that his mother echoed with enthusiasm, declaring that Morgan's sallies were the delight of the house. The boy paid no heed to this; he only inquired abruptly of the visitor, who was surprised afterwards that he hadn't struck him as offensively forward, 'Do you *want* very much to come?'

'Can you doubt it, after such a description of what I shall hear?' Pemberton replied. Yet he didn't want to come at all: he was coming because he had to go somewhere, thanks to the

collapse of his fortune at the end of a year abroad, spent on the system of putting his tiny patrimony into a single full wave of experience. He had had his full wave, but he couldn't pay his hotel bill. Moreover, he had caught in the boy's eyes the glimpse of a far-off appeal.

'Well, I'll do the best I can for you,' said Morgan; with which he turned away again. He passed out of one of the long windows; Pemberton saw him go and lean on the parapet of the terrace. He remained there while the young man took leave of his mother, who, on Pemberton's looking as if he expected a farewell from him, interposed with, 'Leave him, leave him; he's so strange!' Pemberton suspected she was afraid of something he might say. 'He's a genius—you'll love him,' she added. 'He's much the most interesting person in the family.' And before he could invent some civility to oppose to this, she wound up with, 'But we're all good, you know!'

'He's a genius—you'll love him!' were words that recurred to Pemberton before the Friday, suggesting, among other things that geniuses were not invariably lovable. However, it was all the better if there was an element that would make tutorship absorbing: he had perhaps taken too much for granted that it would be dreary. As he left the villa after this interview he looked up at the balcony and saw the child leaning over it. 'We shall have great larks!' he called up.

Morgan hesitated a moment; then he answered, laughing, 'By the time you come back I shall have thought of something witty!'

This made Pemberton say to himself, 'After all, he's rather nice.'

On the Friday he saw them all, as Mrs. Moreen had promised, for her husband had come back and the girls and the other son were at home. Mr. Moreen had a white moustache, a confiding manner and, in his buttonhole, the ribbon of a foreign order—bestowed, as Pemberton eventually learned, for services. For what services he never clearly ascertained: this was a point—one of a large number—that Mr. Moreen's manner never confided. What it emphatically did confide was that he was a man of the world. Adolphus, the firstborn, was in visible training for the same profession—under the disadvantage as yet, however, of a buttonhole only feebly floral and a moustache with no pretensions to type. The girls had hair and figures and manners and small fat

feet, but had never been out alone. As for Mrs. Moreen, Pemberton saw on a nearer view that her elegance was intermittent and her parts didn't always match. Her husband, as she had promised, met with enthusiasm Pemberton's ideas in regard to a salary. The young man had endeavoured to make them modest, and Mr. Moreen confided to him that *he* found them positively shrinking. He further assured him that he aspired to be intimate with his children, to be their best friend, and that he was always looking out for them. That was what he went off for, to London and other places—to look out; and this vigilance was the theory of life, as well as the real occupation, of the whole family. They all looked out, for they were very frank on the subject of its being necessary. They desired it to be understood that they were earnest people, and also that their fortune, though quite adequate for earnest people, required the most careful administration. Mr. Moreen, as the parent bird, sought sustenance for the nest. Adolphus found sustenance mainly at the club, where Pemberton guessed that it was usually served on green cloth. The girls used to do up their hair and their frocks themselves, and our young man felt appealed to to be glad, in regard to Morgan's education, that, though it must naturally be of the best, it didn't cost too much. After a little he *was* glad, forgetting at times his own needs in the interest inspired by the child's nature and education and the pleasure of making easy terms for him.

During the first weeks of their acquaintance Morgan had been as puzzling as a page in an unknown language—altogether different from the obvious little Anglo-Saxons who had misrepresented childhood to Pemberton. Indeed, the whole mystic volume in which the boy had been bound demanded some practice in translation. To-day, after a considerable interval, there is something phantasmagoric, like a prismatic reflection or a serial novel, in Pemberton's memory of the queeriness of the Moreens. If it were not for a few tangible tokens—a lock of Morgan's hair, cut by his own hand, and the half-dozen letters he got from him when they were separated—the whole episode, and the figures peopling it, would seem too inconsequent for anything but dreamland. The queerest thing about them was their success (as it appeared to him for a while at the time), for he had never seen a family so brilliantly equipped for failure. Wasn't it success to have kept him so hatefully long? Wasn't it success to have drawn him in that first morning at *déjeuner*, the Friday he came—it was enough to make one superstitious—so that he utterly committed himself,

and this not by calculation or a *mot d'ordre*, but by a happy instinct which made them, like a band of gipsies, work so neatly together? They amused him as much as if they had really been a band of gipsies. He was still young and had not seen much of the world—his English years had been intensely usual; therefore the reversed conventions of the Moreens (for they had their standards) struck him as topsyturvy. He had encountered nothing like them at Oxford; still less had any such note been struck to his younger American ear during the four years at Yale in which he had richly supposed himself to be reacting against Puritanism. The reaction of the Moreens, at any rate, went ever so much further. He had thought himself very clever that first day in hitting them all off in his mind with the term 'cosmopolite.' Later, it seemed feeble and colourless enough—confessedly, helplessly provisional.

However, when he first applied it to them he had a degree of joy—for an instructor he was still empirical—as if from the apprehension that to live with them would really be to see life. Their sociable strangeness was an intimation of that—their chatter of tongues, their gaiety and good humour, their infinite dawdling (they were always getting themselves up, but it took forever, and Pemberton had once found Mr. Moreen shaving in the drawing-room), their French, their Italian and, in the spiced fluency, their cold, tough slices of American. They lived on macaroni and coffee (they had these articles prepared in perfection), but they knew recipes for a hundred other dishes. They overflowed with music and song, were always humming and catching each other up, and had a kind of professional acquaintance with continental cities. They talked of 'good places' as if they had been strolling players. They had at Nice a villa, a carriage, a piano and a banjo, and they went to official parties. They were a perfect calendar of the 'days' of their friends, which Pemberton knew them, when they were indisposed, to get out of bed to go to, and which made the week larger than life when Mrs. Moreen talked of them with Paula and Amy. Their romantic initiations gave their new inmate at first an almost dazzling sense of culture. Mrs. Moreen had translated something, at some former period—an author whom it made Pemberton feel *borné* never to have heard of. They could imitate Venetian and sing Neapolitan, and when they wanted to say something very particular they communicated with each other in an ingenious dialect of their own—a sort of spoken cipher, which Pemberton at first took for Volapuk, but

which he learned to understand as he would not have understood Volapuk.

'It's the family language—Ultramorean,' Morgan explained to him drolly enough; but the boy rarely condescended to use it himself, though he attempted colloquial Latin as if he had been a little prelate.

Among all the 'days' with which Mrs. Moreen's memory was taxed, she managed to squeeze in one of her own, which her friends sometimes forgot. But the house derived a frequented air from the number of fine people who were freely named there, and from several mysterious men with foreign titles and English clothes whom Morgan called the princes, and who, on sofas with the girls, talked French very loud, as if to show they were saying nothing improper. Pemberton wondered how the princes could ever propose in that tone and so publicly: he took for granted, cynically, that this was what was desired of them. Then he acknowledged that, even for the chance of such an advantage, Mrs. Moreen would never allow Paula and Amy to receive alone. These young ladies were not at all timid, but it was just the safeguards that made them so graceful. It was a houseful of Bohemians who wanted tremendously to be Philistines.

In one respect, however, certainly, they achieved no rigour—they were wonderfully amiable and ecstatic about Morgan. It was a genuine tenderness, an artless admiration, equally strong in each. They even praised his beauty, which was small, and were rather afraid of him, as if they recognised that he was of a finer clay. They called him a little angel and a little prodigy, and pitied his want of health effusively. Pemberton feared at first that their extravagance would make him hate the boy, but before this happened he had become extravagant himself. Later, when he had grown rather to hate the others, it was a bribe to patience for him that they were at any rate nice about Morgan, going on tiptoe if they fancied he was showing symptoms, and even giving up somebody's 'day' to procure him a pleasure. But mixed with this was the oddest wish to make him independent, as if they felt that they were not good enough for him. They passed him over to Pemberton very much as if they wished to force a constructive adoption on the obliging bachelor and shirk altogether a responsibility. They were delighted when they perceived that Morgan liked his preceptor, and could think of no higher praise for the young man. It was strange how they contrived to reconcile the appearance, and indeed the essential fact, of adoring the child with

their eagerness to wash their hands of him. Did they want to get rid of him before he should find them out? Pemberton was finding them out month by month. At any rate, the boy's relations turned their backs with exaggerated delicacy, as if to escape the charge of interfering. Seeing in time how little he had in common with them (it was by *them* he first observed it—they proclaimed it with complete humility), his preceptor was moved to speculate on the mysteries of transmission, the far jumps of heredity. Where his detachment from most of the things they represented had come from was more than an observer could say—it certainly had burrowed under two or three generations.

As for Pemberton's own estimate of his pupil, it was a good while before he got the point of view, so little had he been prepared for it by the smug young barbarians to whom the tradition of tutorship, as hitherto revealed to him, had been adjusted. Morgan was scrappy and surprising, deficient in many properties supposed common to the *genus*, and abounding in others that were the portion only of the supernaturally clever. One day Pemberton made a great stride: it cleared up the question to perceive that Morgan *was* supernaturally clever and that, though the formula was temporarily meagre, this would be the only assumption on which one could successfully deal with him. He had the general quality of a child for whom life had not been simplified by school, a kind of homebred sensibility which might have been bad for himself but was charming for others, and a whole range of refinement and perception—little musical vibrations as taking as picked-up airs—begotten by wandering about Europe at the tail of his migratory tribe. This might not have been an education to recommend in advance, but its results with Morgan were as palpable as a fine texture. At the same time he had in his composition a sharp spice of stoicism, doubtless the fruit of having had to begin early to bear pain, which produced the impression of pluck and made it of less consequence that he might have been thought at school rather a polyglot little beast. Pemberton indeed quickly found himself rejoicing that school was out of the question: in any million of boys it was probably good for all but one, and Morgan was that millionth. It would have made him comparative and superior—it might have made him priggish. Pemberton would try to be school himself—a bigger seminary than five hundred grazing donkeys; so that, winning no prizes, the boy would remain unconscious and irresponsible and amusing—amusing, because, though life was already intense in his

childish nature, freshness still made there a strong draught for jokes. It turned out that even in the still air of Morgan's various disabilities jokes flourished greatly. He was a pale, lean, acute, undeveloped little cosmopolite, who liked intellectual gymnastics and who, also, as regards the behaviour of mankind, had noticed more things than you might suppose, but who nevertheless had his proper playroom of superstitions, where he smashed a dozen toys a day.

At Nice once, towards evening, as the pair sat resting in the open air after a walk, looking over the sea at the pink western lights, Morgan said suddenly to his companion, 'Do you like it—you know, being with us all in this intimate way?'

'My dear fellow, why should I stay if I didn't?'

'How do I know you will stay? I'm almost sure you won't, very long.'

'I hope you don't mean to dismiss me,' said Pemberton.

Morgan considered a moment, looking at the sunset. 'I think if I did right I ought to.'

'Well, I know I'm supposed to instruct you in virtue; but in that case don't do right.'

'You're very young—fortunately,' Morgan went on, turning to him again.

'Oh yes, compared with you!'

'Therefore, it won't matter so much if you do lose a lot of time.'

'That's the way to look at it,' said Pemberton accommodatingly.

They were silent a minute; after which the boy asked, 'Do you like my father and mother very much?'

'Dear me, yes. They're charming people.'

Morgan received this with another silence; then, unexpectedly, familiarly, but at the same time affectionately, he remarked, 'You're a jolly old humbug!'

For a particular reason the words made Pemberton change colour. The boy noticed in an instant that he had turned red, whereupon he turned red himself, and the pupil and the master exchanged a longish glance, in which there was a consciousness of many more things than are usually touched upon, even tacitly, in such a relation. It produced, for Pemberton, an embarrassment; it raised, in a shadowy form, a question (this was the first glimpse of it) which was destined to play a singular and, as he

imagined, owing to the altogether peculiar conditions, an unprecedented part in his intercourse with his little companion. Later, when he found himself talking with this small boy in a way in which few small boys could ever have been talked with, he thought of that clumsy moment on the bench at Nice as the dawn of an understanding that had broadened. What had added to the clumsiness then was that he thought it his duty to declare to Morgan that he might abuse him (Pemberton) as much as he liked, but must never abuse his parents. To this Morgan had the easy reply that he hadn't dreamed of abusing them; which appeared to be true: it put Pemberton in the wrong.

'Then why am I a humbug for saying *I* think them charming?' the young man asked, conscious of a certain rashness.

'Well—they're not *your* parents.'

'They love you better than anything in the world—never forget that,' said Pemberton.

'Is that why you like them so much?'

'They're very kind to me,' Pemberton replied, evasively.

'You *are* a humbug!' laughed Morgan, passing an arm into his tutor's. He leaned against him, looking off at the sea again and swinging his long, thin legs.

'Don't kick my shins,' said Pemberton, while he reflected—  
'Hang it, I can't complain of them to the child!'

'There's another reason, too,' Morgan went on, keeping his legs still.

'Another reason for what?'

'Besides their not being your parents.'

'I don't understand you,' said Pemberton.

'Well, you will before long. All right!'

Pemberton did understand, fully, before long; but he made a fight, even with himself, before he confessed it. He thought it the oddest thing to have a struggle with the child about. He wondered he didn't detest the child for launching him in such a struggle. But by the time it began the resource of detesting the child was closed to him. Morgan was a special case, but to know him was to accept him on his own odd terms. Pemberton had spent his aversion to special cases before arriving at knowledge. When at last he did arrive he felt that he was in an extreme predicament. Against every interest he had attached himself. They would have to meet things together. Before they went home that evening, at Nice, the boy had said, clinging to his arm:

'Well, at any rate you'll hang on to the last.'

'To the last?'

'Till you're fairly beaten.'

'You ought to be fairly beaten!' cried the young man, drawing him closer.

A year after Pemberton had come to live with them, Mr. and Mrs. Moreen suddenly gave up the villa at Nice. Pemberton had got used to suddenness, having seen it practised on a considerable scale during two jerky little tours—one in Switzerland the first summer, and the other late in the winter, when they all ran down to Florence and then, at the end of ten days, liking it much less than they had intended, straggled back in mysterious depression. They had returned to Nice 'forever,' as they said; but this didn't prevent them from squeezing, one rainy, muggy May night, into a second-class railway-carriage—you could never tell by which class they would travel—where Pemberton helped them to stow away a wonderful collection of bundles and bags. The explanation of this manœuvre was that they had determined to spend the summer 'in some bracing place;' but in Paris they dropped into a small furnished apartment—a fourth floor in a third-rate avenue, where there was a smell on the staircase and the *portier* was hateful—and passed the next four months in blank indigence.

The better part of this baffled sojourn was for the preceptor and his pupil, who, visiting the Invalides and Notre Dame, the Conciergerie and all the museums, took a hundred remunerative rambles. They learned to know their Paris, which was useful, for they came back another year for a longer stay, the general character of which in Pemberton's memory to-day mixes pitiably and confusedly with that of the first. He sees Morgan's shabby knickerbockers—the everlasting pair that didn't match his blouse and that, as he grew longer, could only grow faded. He remembers the particular holes in his three or four pair of coloured stockings.

Morgan was dear to his mother, but he never was better dressed than was absolutely necessary—partly, no doubt, by his own fault, for he was as indifferent to his appearance as a German philosopher. 'My dear fellow, you *are* coming to pieces,' Pemberton would say to him in sceptical remonstrance; to which the child would reply, looking at him serenely up and down: 'My dear fellow, so are you! I don't want to cast you in the shade.' Pemberton could have no rejoinder for this—the assertion so

closely represented the fact. If, however, the deficiencies of his own wardrobe were a chapter by themselves, he didn't like his little charge to look too poor. Later he used to say, 'Well, if we are poor, why, after all, shouldn't we look it?' and he consoled himself with thinking there was something rather elderly and gentlemanly in Morgan's seediness—it differed from the untidiness of the urchin who plays and spoils his things. He could trace perfectly the degrees by which, in proportion as her little son confined himself to his tutor for society, Mrs. Moreen shrewdly forbore to renew his garments. She did nothing that didn't show, neglected him because he escaped notice, and then, as he illustrated this clever policy, discouraged at home his public appearances. Her position was logical enough—those members of her family who did show had to be so showy.

During this period and several others Pemberton was quite aware of how he and his comrade might strike people; wandering languidly through the Jardin des Plantes as if they had nowhere to go, sitting, on the winter days, in the galleries of the Louvre, so splendidly ironical to the homeless, as if for the advantage of the *calorifere*. They joked about it sometimes: it was the sort of joke that was perfectly within the boy's compass. They figured themselves as part of the vast, vague, hand-to-mouth multitude of the enormous city, and pretended they were proud of their position in it—it showed them such a lot of life and made them conscious of a sort of democratic brotherhood. If Pemberton could not feel a sympathy in destitution with his small companion (for after all Morgan's fond parents would never have let him really suffer), the boy would at least feel it with him, so it came to the same thing. He used sometimes to wonder what people would think they were—fancy they were looked askance at, as if it might be a suspected case of kidnapping. Morgan wouldn't be taken for a young patrician with a preceptor—he wasn't smart enough; though he might pass for his companion's sickly little brother. Now and then he had a five-franc piece, and except once, when they bought a couple of lovely neckties, one of which he made Pemberton accept, they laid it out, scientifically, in old books. It was a great day, always spent on the quays, rummaging among the dusty boxes that garnish the parapets. These were occasions that helped them to live, for their books ran low very soon after the beginning of their acquaintance. Pemberton had a good many in England, but he was obliged to write to a friend and ask him kindly to get some fellow to give him something for them.

If the bracing climate was untasted that summer, the young man had an idea that at the moment they were about to make a push the cup had been dashed from their lips by a movement of his own. It had been his first blow-out, as he called it, with his patrons; his first successful attempt (though there was little other success about it) to bring them to a consideration of his impossible position. As the ostensible eve of a costly journey the moment struck him as a good one to put in a signal protest—to present an ultimatum. Ridiculous as it sounded, he had never yet been able to compass an uninterrupted private interview with the elder pair, or with either of them singly. They were always flanked by their elder children, and poor Pemberton usually had his own little charge at his side. He was conscious of its being a house in which the surface of one's delicacy got rather smudged; nevertheless he had kept the bloom of his scruple against announcing to Mr. and Mrs. Moreen with publicity that he couldn't go on longer without a little money. He was still simple enough to suppose Adolphus and Paula and Amy might not know that since his arrival he had only had a hundred and forty francs; and he was magnanimous enough to wish not to compromise their parents in their eyes. Mr. Moreen now listened to him, as he listened to everyone and to everything, like a man of the world, and seemed to appeal to him—though not of course too grossly—to try and be a little more of one himself. Pemberton recognised the importance of the character from the advantage it gave Mr. Moreen. He was not even confused, whereas poor Pemberton was more so than there was any reason for. Neither was he surprised—at least any more than a gentleman had to be who freely confessed himself a little shocked, though not, strictly, at Pemberton.

'We must go into this, mustn't we, dear?' he said to his wife. He assured his young friend that the matter should have his very best attention; and he melted into space as elusively as if, at the door, he were taking an inevitable but deprecatory precedence. When, the next moment, Pemberton found himself alone with Mrs. Moreen, it was to hear her say, 'I see, I see,' stroking the roundness of her chin and looking as if she were only hesitating between a dozen easy remedies. If they didn't make their push Mr. Moreen could at least disappear for several days. During his absence his wife took up the subject again spontaneously, but her contribution to it was merely that she had thought all the while they were getting on so beautifully. Pemberton's reply to this revelation was that unless they immediately

handed him a substantial sum he would leave them for ever. He knew she would wonder how he would get away, and for a moment expected her to inquire. She didn't, for which he was almost grateful to her, so little was he in a position to tell.

'You won't, you know you won't—you're too interested,' she said. 'You *are* interested, you know you are, you dear, kind man!' She laughed, with almost condemnatory archness, as if it were a reproach (but she wouldn't insist), while she flirted a soiled pocket-handkerchief at him.

Pemberton's mind was fully made up to quit the house the following week. This would give him time to get an answer to a letter he had despatched to England.

If he did nothing of the sort—that is, if he stayed another year and then went away only for three months—it was not merely because, before the answer to his letter came (most unsatisfactory when it did arrive), Mr. Moreen generously presented him—again with all the precautions of a man of the world—three hundred francs. He was exasperated to find that Mrs. Moreen was right, that he couldn't bear to leave the child. This stood out clearer for the very reason that, the night of his desperate appeal to his patrons, he had seen fully for the first time where he was. Wasn't it another proof of the success with which those patrons practised their arts that they had managed to avert for so long the illuminating flash? It descended upon Pemberton with a luridness which perhaps would have struck a spectator as comically excessive, after he had returned to his little servile room, which looked into a close court, where a bare, dirty opposite wall took, with the sound of shrill clatter, the reflection of lighted back windows. He had simply given himself away to a band of adventurers. The idea, the word itself, had a sort of romantic horror for him—he had always lived on such safe lines. Later it assumed a more interesting, almost a soothing, sense: it pointed a moral, and Pemberton could enjoy a moral. The Moreens were adventurers not merely because they didn't pay their debts, because they lived on society, but because their whole view of life, dim and confused and instinctive, like that of clever colour-blind animals, was speculative and rapacious and mean. Oh! they were 'respectable,' and that only made them more *immondes*. The young man's analysis of them put it at last very simply—they were adventurers because they were abject snobs. That was the completest account of them—it was the law of their being. Even when this truth became vivid to their ingenious inmate he

remained unconscious of how much his mind had been prepared for it by the extraordinary little boy who had now become such a complication in his life. Much less could he then calculate on the information he was still to owe to the extraordinary little boy.

But it was during the ensuing time that the real problem came up—the problem of how far it was excusable to discuss the turpitude of parents with a child of twelve, of thirteen, of fourteen. Absolutely inexcusable and quite impossible it of course at first appeared; and indeed the question didn't press for a while after Pemberton had received his three hundred francs. They produced a sort of lull, a relief from the sharpest pressure. Pemberton frugally amended his wardrobe and even had a few francs in his pocket. He thought the Moreens looked at him as if he were almost too smart, as if they ought to take care not to spoil him. If Mr. Moreen hadn't been such a man of the world he would perhaps have said something to him about his neckties. But Mr. Moreen was always enough a man of the world to let things pass—he had certainly shown that. It was singular how Pemberton guessed that Morgan, though saying nothing about it, knew something had happened. But three hundred francs, especially when one owed money, couldn't last for ever; and when they were gone—the boy knew when they were gone—Morgan did say something. The party had returned to Nice at the beginning of the winter, but not to the charming villa. They went to an hotel, where they stayed three months, and then they went to another hotel, explaining that they had left the first because they had waited and waited and couldn't get the rooms they wanted. These apartments, the rooms they wanted, were generally very splendid; but fortunately they never *could* get them—fortunately, I mean, for Pemberton, who reflected always that if they had got them there would have been still less for educational expenses. What Morgan said at last was said suddenly, irrelevantly, when the moment came, in the middle of a lesson, and consisted of the apparently unfeeling words: 'You ought to *filer*, you know—you really ought.'

Pemberton stared. He had learnt enough French slang from Morgan to know that to *filer* meant to go away. 'Ah, my dear fellow, don't turn me off!'

Morgan pulled a Greek lexicon toward him (he used a Greek-German), to look out a word, instead of asking it of Pemberton. 'You can't go on like this, you know.'

'Like what, my boy?'

'You know they don't pay you,' said Morgan, blushing and not looking up.

'Don't pay me?' Pemberton stared again and feigned amazement. 'What on earth put that into your head?'

'It has been there a long time,' the boy replied, turning over his leaves.

Pemberton was silent; then he went on: 'I say, what are you hunting for? They pay me beautifully.'

'I'm hunting for the Greek for transparent fiction,' Morgan dropped.

'Find that rather for gross impertinence, and disabuse your mind. What do I want of money?'

'Oh, that's another question!'

Pemberton hesitated—he was drawn in different ways. The severely correct thing would have been to tell the boy that such a matter was none of his business and bid him go on with his lines. But they were really too intimate for that; that was not the way he was in the habit of treating him; there had been no reason it should be. On the other hand Morgan had quite lighted on the truth—he really shouldn't be able to keep it up much longer; therefore, why not let him know one's real motive for forsaking him? At the same time it wasn't decent to abuse to one's pupil the family of one's pupil; it was better to misrepresent than to do that. So, in reply to Morgan's last exclamation, he just declared, to dismiss the subject, that he had received several payments.

'I say—I say!' the boy ejaculated, laughing.

'That's all right,' Pemberton insisted. 'Give me your written rendering.'

Morgan pushed a copybook across the table, and his companion began to read the page, but with something running in his head that made it no sense. Looking up after a minute or two he found the child's eyes fixed on him, and he saw something strange in them. Then Morgan said, 'I'm not afraid of the reality.'

'I haven't yet seen the thing that you *are* afraid of—I'll do you that justice!'

This came out with a jump (it was perfectly true), and evidently gave Morgan pleasure. 'I've thought of it a long time,' he presently said.

'Well, don't think of it any more.'

The child appeared to comply, and they had a comfortable and even an amusing hour. They had a theory that they were very thorough, and yet they seemed always to be in the amusing part of lessons, the intervals between the tunnels, where there were waysides and views. Yet the morning was brought to a violent end by Morgan's suddenly leaning his arms on the table, burying his head in them and bursting into tears. Pemberton would have been startled at any rate; but he was doubly startled because, as it then occurred to him, it was the first time he had ever seen the boy cry. It was rather awful.

The next day, after much thought, he took a decision and, believing it to be just, immediately acted upon it. He cornered Mr. and Mrs. Moreen again and informed them that if, on the spot, they didn't pay him all they owed him, he would not only leave their house, but tell Morgan exactly what had brought him to it.

'Oh, you *haven't* told him?' cried Mrs. Moreen, carrying a sustaining hand to her well-dressed bosom.

'Without warning you? For what do you take me?'

Mr. and Mrs. Moreen looked at each other, and Pemberton could see both that they were relieved and that there was a certain alarm in their relief. 'My dear fellow,' Mr. Moreen demanded, 'what use *can* you have, leading the quiet life we all do, for such a lot of money?'—an inquiry to which Pemberton made no answer, occupied as he was in perceiving that what passed in the mind of his patrons was something like: 'Oh, then, if we've felt that the child, dear little angel, has judged us and how he regards us, and we haven't been betrayed, he must have guessed—and, in short, it's *general*!' an idea that rather stirred up Mr. and Mrs. Moreen, as Pemberton had desired that it should. At the same time, if he had thought that his threat would do something towards bringing them round, he was disappointed to find they had taken for granted (how little they appreciated his delicacy!) that he had already given them away to his pupil. There was a mystic uneasiness in their parental breasts, and that was the way they had accounted for it. None the less, his threat did touch them; for if they had escaped, it was only to meet a new danger. Mr. Moreen appealed to Pemberton, as usual, as a man of the world; but his wife had recourse, for the first time since Pemberton had been in the house, to haughtiness, reminding him that a devoted mother, with her child, had arts that protected her against gross misrepresentation.

'I should misrepresent you grossly if I accused you of common honesty!' the young man replied; but as he closed the door behind him sharply, thinking he had not done himself much good, while Mr. Moreen lighted another cigarette, he heard Mrs. Moreen shout after him, more touchingly:

'Oh, you do, you *do*, put the knife to one's throat!'

The next morning, very early, she came to his room. He recognised her knock, but he had no hope that she brought him money; as to which he was wrong, for she had fifty francs in her hand. She squeezed forward in her dressing-gown, and he received her in his own, between his bath-tub and his bed. He had been tolerably schooled by this time to the 'foreign ways' of his hosts. Mrs. Moreen was zealous, and when she was zealous she didn't care what she did; so she now sat down on his bed, his clothes being on the chairs, and, in her preoccupation, forgot, as she glanced round, to be ashamed of giving him such a nasty room. What Mrs. Moreen was zealous about on this occasion was to persuade him that in the first place she was very good-natured to bring him fifty francs, and, in the second, if he would only see it, he was really too absurd to expect to be *paid*. Wasn't he paid enough, without perpetual money—wasn't he paid by the comfortable, luxurious home that he enjoyed with them all, without a care, an anxiety, a solitary want? Wasn't he sure of his position, and wasn't that everything to a young man like him, quite unknown, with singularly little to show, the ground of whose exorbitant pretensions it was not easy to discover? Wasn't he paid, above all, by the delightful relation he had established with Morgan—quite ideal, as from master to pupil—and by the simple privilege of knowing and living with so amazingly gifted a child, than whom really—she meant literally what she said—there was no better company in Europe? Mrs. Moreen herself took to appealing to him as a man of the world; she said, 'Voyons, mon cher,' and, 'My dear sir, see here now;' and urged him to be reasonable, putting it before him that it was really a chance for him. She spoke as if, according as he *should* be reasonable, he would prove himself worthy to be her son's tutor and of the extraordinary confidence they had placed in him.

After all, Pemberton reflected, it was only a difference of theory, and the theory didn't matter much. They had hitherto gone on that of remunerated, as now they would go on that of gratuitous, service; but why so many words about it? Mrs. Moreen, however, continued to be convincing; sitting there with

her fifty francs, she talked and repeated, as women repeat, and bored and irritated him, while he leaned against the wall with his hands in the pockets of his wrapper, drawing it together round his legs and looking over the head of his visitor at the grey negotiations of his window. She wound up with saying, 'You see I bring you a definite proposal.'

'A definite proposal?'

'To make our relations regular, as it were—to put them on a comfortable footing.'

'I see—it's a system,' said Pemberton. 'A kind of blackmail.'

Mrs. Moreen bounded up, which was what the young man wanted.

'What do you mean by that?'

'You practise on one's fears—one's fears about the child if one should go away.'

'And, pray, what would happen to him in that event?' demanded Mrs. Moreen, with majesty.

'Why, he'd be alone with *you*.'

'And pray, with whom *should* a child be but with those whom he loves most?'

'If you think that, why don't you dismiss me?'

'Do you pretend that he loves you more than he loves *us*?' cried Mrs. Moreen.

'I think he ought to. I make sacrifices for him. Though I've heard of those *you* make, I don't see them.'

Mrs. Moreen stared a moment; then, with emotion, she grasped Pemberton's hand. 'Will you make it—the sacrifice?'

Pemberton burst out laughing. 'I'll see—I'll do what I can—I'll stay a little longer. Your calculation is just—I *do* hate, intensely, to give him up; I'm fond of him, and he interests me deeply, in spite of the inconvenience I suffer. You know my situation perfectly; I haven't a penny in the world, and, occupied as I am with Morgan, I'm unable to earn money.'

Mrs. Moreen tapped her undressed arm with her folded bank-note. 'Can't you write articles? Can't you translate, as *I* do?'

'I don't know about translating; it's wretchedly paid.'

'I am glad to earn what I can,' said Mrs. Moreen virtuously, with her head high.

'You ought to tell me who you do it for.' Pemberton paused a moment, and she said nothing; so he added, 'I've tried to turn

off some little sketches, but the magazines won't have them—they're declined.'

'You see, then, you're not such a phoenix as to claim so much,' smiled his interlocutress.

'I haven't time to do them properly,' Pemberton went on. Then, as it came over him that he was almost abjectly good-natured to give these explanations, he added, 'If I stay on longer it must be on one condition—that Morgan shall know distinctly on what footing I am.'

Mrs. Moreen hesitated. 'Surely you don't want to show off to a child?'

'To show *you* off, do you mean?'

Again Mrs. Moreen hesitated, but this time it was to produce a still finer flower. 'And *you* talk of blackmail!'

'You can easily prevent it,' said Pemberton.

'And *you* talk of practising on fears,' Mrs. Moreen continued.

'Yes, there's no doubt I'm a great scoundrel.'

His visitor looked at him a moment—it was evident that she was sorely bothered. Then she thrust out her money at him.

'Mr. Moreen desired me to give you this on account.'

'I'm much obliged to Mr. Moreen; but we have no account.'

'You won't take it?'

'That leaves me more free,' said Pemberton.

'To poison my darling's mind?' groaned Mrs. Moreen.

'Oh, your darling's mind!' laughed the young man.

She fixed him a moment, and he thought she was going to break out tormentedly, pleadingly: 'For God's sake, tell me what *is* in it!' But she checked this impulse—another was stronger. She pocketed the money—the crudity of the alternative was comical—and swept out of the room with the desperate concession: 'You may tell him any horror you like!'

HENRY JAMES.

(To be concluded.)

## *Some Birds in India.*

IT has been well said that life is made up of small things. According to this principle, the exile in India, who wishes to enliven his monotonous existence by taking advantage of the sport that the country affords, must be prepared to find most of his occupation amongst the small game that surrounds him, however much he may long, like Virgil's young hero, to see a wild boar or a tawny lion come forth from the jungle. Under the term 'small game' it is expedient that he should include, not merely the recognised game birds and smaller quadrupeds that are suitable for the purposes of the table. Feather and fur of every kind should be the subject of his pursuit. The well-known Indian naturalist, Dr. Jerdan, when staying at Hooghly at my house, which stood in a large compound with several groups of fine old trees in it, killed in a few hours more than forty different kinds of birds, each of which was more or less useful for his scientific purposes. It may not be possible for every man to become a scientific collector of birds, but if he will learn how to skin birds and to preserve their skins, he may be able to send valuable contributions to ornithologists like Dr. Jerdan. I was taught by one of my first sporting mentors how to skin birds and small animals, and to treat them with arsenical soap. It is not very difficult work; but as it took up more time than I could conveniently spare, I soon imparted my knowledge to a clever native servant, who easily surpassed his teacher. It is, of course, expedient to look after the arsenical soap, for a painful case is well known, where the cook mistook arsenical soap for lard, and poisoned his master when out on a shooting expedition. I should regard it as cruelty to shoot the small birds if no use were to be made of their skins or plumage. By a little observation and practice, a man may learn the notes and calls of most of the common birds, and if he hears a cry that sounds strange to his ears, he should go out and see what bird is making it. He should slip a cartridge into his gun, and

presently he may be rewarded by finding that he has got some rare specimen, that he can prepare and forward to the nearest scientific ornithologist.

A Government official at a civil or military station in the interior of the country lives very much in the open air, even when he is nominally indoors. A good house or bungalow is usually surrounded by a broad verandah, and almost every door or window in the house is kept open. When a man is sitting in his verandah, either at his work or for his pleasure, he can watch what is passing among the birds and other inhabitants of his garden, and he soon begins to recognise some of them; whilst they gradually become more familiar and fearless of his presence. He should always have a gun within reach for the protection of his little friends, whose natural enemies are ever on the watch for them. Sometimes a hawk swoops down on an unsuspecting victim, or a predatory cat from the village makes a pounce at its prey. In some places the little grey squirrels become almost inconveniently tame, for they have mischievous teeth, with which they nibble some precious things that they ought not to touch. One day I had been feeding a very bold little squirrel, but on my being suddenly called away in the house, the squirrel jumped down from the verandah into the garden. Presently, the most piercing shrieks were heard, and on running back to the verandah I found the poor little squirrel about half way up a post some seven feet high, and dodging round it, whilst a gaunt cat was jumping at him from below, and an owl was hovering over the top of the post and striking at him. My gun fortunately disposed of both the cat and the owl, but the squirrel was so dreadfully frightened, first, by his deadly enemies, and, secondly, by the firing of the gun, that he went on for several minutes dodging round the post as if the cat and the owl were still attacking him.

One of the birds that first forces itself on the acquaintance of a stranger in India is the common crow—the *Corvus splendens* of naturalists. I regard it as the enemy of man, and bird, and beast. It is curious that it should have gained the epithet of *splendens*, for its appearance can hardly be considered prepossessing, as its feathers are like those of the English jackdaw, and the grey neck has no splendour about it. The Indian crow has the same inquisitive character as his classical ancestors. He wants to have his claw or his beak in every pie. He flies into the verandahs, and, after peering into the rooms to see if the coast is clear, he will make a dash at the loaf on the breakfast-table, or at the cage of a

canary suspended in the drawing-room. No one whose pet canary has had its leg torn off by a crow trying to drag it out of its cage, will ever feel any mercy for the cruel monster. In order to keep the crows out of the house, it is customary to enclose the verandahs with net-work. It sometimes happens that an adventurous crow has found a chance opening in the nets, and has made his way in ; but being suddenly surprised or cut off, is unable to get out again. Then is the time for the servants to bring the pellet-bow, and to make a target of the crow, in punishment for his many misdeeds ; or if you are the possessor of a Sylhet bamboo blow-pipe, with its sharp-pointed, paper-winged darts, the life of that crow may be made exceedingly unhappy, until you can almost see that he is making vows never again to enter the habitation of that cruel monster, man ; for the crow does not like cruelty when practised on himself. But he is the most cruel creature that I can think of. When there is a murrain among cattle, as too often happens in Bengal, the crow may be seen pecking out the eyes of a moribund sheep or cow, when the poor beast cannot turn its head away from the merciless assailant. There are, indeed, stories current in barrack-life, that the crow occasionally meets with unpleasant treatment at the hands of young Mr. Thomas Atkins, assisted by the regimental native cook-boys. Whatever treatment the individual crow receives, though he may have been personally an innocent bird, so many of his race have committed atrocious cruelties that he must be prepared to suffer vicariously for them.

Nevertheless, there is some fun in a crow, even if it be a love of mischief. In Calcutta I had a large garden surrounded by shady trees, in whose branches many crows used to roost at night. As soon as daylight appeared, they all flew off to their favourite resorts, where they lived upon the garbage of the city ; and it must be admitted in their favour that they are most useful scavengers. But, when sunset came, they used to return to their roosting-place, and sometimes they gave me an unwelcome evening serenade. Coming home late and tired from office, I used to sit out on my lawn, and a very large white Persian cat would come out to keep me company. Then the cat and the crows used to have a little game of their own. The cat would stretch itself out and flick his long, furry tail about. Some twenty or thirty crows promptly accepted the challenge, and quickly alighted round the cat, with the intention of pulling his tail. Some of them hopped up in front, as near as they could with safety from the cat's fore-paws, others stood at the side, and several of the best players took their position

behind the cat. They evidently acted in concert. The crows in front crept up as close as they dared to secure the cat's attention, and then one of the crows behind the cat made a dash at the tail, which the cat skilfully guarded by flirting it from one side to the other. It was very seldom that a crow succeeded in getting a mouthful of the cat's fur. The cat, meanwhile, had really an eye to business, and if one of the birds in front of him came within practicable distance, he made a spring that sometimes had a fatal result, and the game terminated among the terrified cawings and clamour of the survivors, who saw their unlucky comrade torn to pieces before their eyes. But in the course of twenty-four hours they seemed to have forgotten the mishap of their brother, and they came again to renew their diversion with the cat, who was always ready to play the game, in which it might be said that his motto was, 'Heads I win, tails you lose.' The crows are certainly clever birds. A friend once gave me two crows' nests that had been built in his garden, which was close to the premises of a manufacturer of soda-water. The crows had got hold of a quantity of the wires used for fastening the corks of the bottles, and had found in them a pliant material wherewith to build their nests. There were a few twigs of wood, but the chief part of the nests was made of wire. I gave these nests to Mr. Schwendler, the Government electrician, when I left India, and I believe that he sent them to a museum in Berlin.

There is a little bird—really a game-bird—which most men who are studious of their health and pleasure like to have on the premises. This bird is the teal. In many old country-houses there is a tealery of long standing; but if no such outhouse exists, the new comer will do well to build a tealery for himself. It need not be very costly or large; but it should be built so as to be proof against rats and cats and jackals; and, as the bottom of the house requires to be provided with a reservoir of water, some little skill is needed to regulate the flow and discharge of the water, so that it may be always kept as clean as possible. Towards the end of February, or in the middle of March, just before the teal are ready to migrate from India to the distant regions of Central Asia or Tartary, the native shikarees must be employed to bring in a stock of live teal. The difficulty is to catch them uninjured, but the clever natives, with nets and decoys, soon arrange the business, and happy is the man who, by March 20, can say that a hundred little teal are safely housed in his tealery. They must be carefully fed and watched, and any dead or sickly birds should be

removed at once. Then, when the dog-star rages; when the thermometer is above  $90^{\circ}$  in the house at dinner-time; when mutton is tough and the appetite palls at the sight of perpetual roast or boiled fowls, how comforting it is to know that there are a couple of plump little teal on the *menu*, with fresh slices of lemon and a sauce delicately flavoured with Nepalese pepper. Virtually this is not a matter of luxury, for in the worst part of the hot weather and the steamy rains, it is almost necessary for health and strength to have some little solid delicacy like a teal for dinner.

The shooting of teal and widgeon and wild ducks and other aquatic birds soon attracts the attention of the young sportsman. From November to March there is a great migration of wild fowl of many sorts into India, and though large numbers are annually killed during their sojourn in the country, there seems as yet to be no diminution of fresh immigrants. The story of the widgeon in the Calcutta Zoo is one of the best authenticated illustrations of the annual migration of Indian wild-fowl.

In February 1877 a widgeon took up his abode with the rhinoceros in its paddock at the Zoo. It used to pick up the grain that was upset from the feeding-trough of the rhinoceros, and it swam about in the small pool of water that was provided for the rhinoceros' ablutions. This bird had been bought in the Calcutta market, and pinioned and turned loose with others on a large open piece of water in the Zoo. But after it had found its way into the rhinoceros enclosure it never rejoined its companions, nor did any of them come to bear it company. It became quite indifferent to the presence of spectators, and it did not mind the keeper, who went in daily to clean the rhinoceros and its paddock. So things went on till March 26, 1877, when the widgeon disappeared, and no one expected ever to see it again. But, in November 1877, one morning the keeper of the rhinoceros found that there was a widgeon again in the paddock, and when we went to examine it there could be little doubt that it was the same bird, for it seemed quite at home, and behaved just as it had done in the spring, and took no notice of the visitors who came to look, whereas they would have certainly frightened a new or strange bird. The widgeon remained till March 1878 and then flew away. It came back in November 1878 and stayed till March 1879. It reappeared in November 1879 and remained till March 1880, after which it never came back any more, nor has any other widgeon come in its stead. Of course it is not possible to prove to a certainty that it was the same bird that came year after year,

It is known that there are certain spots that have special attractions for migratory birds ; and if I could be at a certain bridge near Chittagong on September 1 this year, I should feel as confident of killing a couple of snipe there as I did, year after year, forty years ago. In that case it was known to me that some green grass surrounding a little spring attracted the snipe year after year ; but the rhinoceros paddock at the Zoo had no such attractions, and it is unlikely that a perfectly wild bird would select a spot where so many human beings, workmen and spectators, were moving about to disturb it. If that widgeon could but have told the tale of its annual migrations, what an interesting chapter it would be in ornithology.

Although many young sportsmen go out to shoot ducks in Bengal, it requires some skill and experience to make a good bag. There are some broad lagoons, known as jheels and beels, which swarm with ducks, but you can never get a shot at them, for the birds have been so worried and hunted by native shikarees that they are off at the slightest suspicion of danger, and it may be a day's journey in a native canoe to the place where they next settle. In some parts of the country the ducks are more foolish, and do not take even reasonable precautions for their own safety. At some villages in the south of the Bhagulpore district, there are a number of old tanks, or reservoirs, about fifty yards square, surrounded with bushes on their high banks, whilst lotuses and other aquatic plants, such as wild ducks like, almost cover the water. At a certain time of the year these tanks are full of ducks. A man has only to get to leeward of them, and then he can crawl up among the bushes on the banks and look down on the pretty birds feeding and disporting themselves, without a suspicion of danger. It seems almost cruel to interrupt their pleasure ; but the first barrel cuts a line through the little flock, and the second barrel makes havoc among them as they rise ; and if there is a second gun within reach, two more shots may be fired before the birds seem to understand where the danger comes from. It takes some little time to collect the killed and wounded. By the time the spoil is gathered together the surviving birds have settled on some other tank, and almost the same mode of attack may be repeated. But you must visit them at the right season. You may go there again after a week or ten days and there is not a duck to be seen.

The best wild-duck shooting that ever came within my reach was in the Fureedpore district, where much of the country remains

submerged for several months from the overflow of the large rivers the Ganges and the Berhampooter. Some of these backwaters (if they may be so described) never dry up all the year round. Here, at the right season of the year, the wild ducks assemble in tens of thousands, and, fortunately for the sportsman, they can be got at by a little judicious management. As the same backwaters also abound in fish, the local fishermen are usually very busy there in their canoes, and as the wild ducks soon find that they are not molested by the fishermen, they get accustomed to the canoes and dug-outs that are moving about among them. The fishermen's canoes are generally made of the trunk of a large tree, about twenty or thirty feet long, whilst the dug-outs are much smaller, being formed of the trunks of palm trees split in half. The canoes are rather too narrow, so the best plan is to get a couple of dug-outs, and lash them together, with a platform over them, on which one man, or, if need be, two men, can sit with their guns and ammunition, with little risk of an upset. The fore part of this war-ship is built up with matting, so as to hide the shooters on the platform, and the almost nude native boatman sits in the stern and paddles or poles the craft along according to the depth of the water. Where the water is shallow there are plenty of rushes growing, among which the ducks are feeding or flirting, and it is often very tempting to risk a shot at a couple that present themselves to almost certain destruction. But a little patience will be well rewarded. When it is an object to make a large bag, the sportsman must wait till the boatman takes him to some favoured spot, where an open space of water is almost covered with wild fowl of every kind, many of them seemingly asleep, and all-unconscious of impending danger. But the fatal moment comes, and, after several shots have been fired, the surface of the water is strewn with the killed, whilst many wounded birds are vainly struggling to escape. A common landing net is the best implement for collecting the wounded birds, as they try to dive and hide themselves under the weeds. The surviving birds wheel round overhead in little flocks, the different sorts banding together under their recognized leaders, mallards and pintails, red-headed pochards and shovellers, widgeon and teal, all keeping themselves separate whilst on the wing. Much depends on the time of the day when and where the birds will settle again; and if the sportsman is still intent on adding to his bag, he can follow up the birds from place to place according to his knowledge of the locality; but if he is content to return to his camp at once, he may be sure of

finding on the way several stray couples of birds that hid themselves in the patches of rushes when the firing first began.

There is one important maxim to be observed in wild-fowl shooting of this kind, which will perhaps surprise some people. The guns should all keep together, and though there is not room for more than two men on one raft, it is better to have two rafts side by side than for two or more men to take different courses or positions independently. 'Do not think of separating,' writes Mr. Simson, the leading authority on the subject in Bengal, 'else the invariable result will be that just as you are about to get the best shot of the season, when the wild ducks are half asleep and unsuspecting, and all so crowded together that you can scarcely see a foot of water among half an acre of ducks, suddenly off goes a shot from some other boat, and your chance of sport for that turn is spoilt.'

Independently of the eatable wild fowl, as they may be called, there are legions of other aquatic birds which may be described as not eatable, although hunger and necessity may compel the sportsman to eat them, just as a friend of mine, one of the greatest gourmands in India, once found himself reduced to a dinner of fried caterpillars and bamboo leaves to avert starvation. The Brahminy ducks, or ruddy sheldrakes, which are found in pairs on the sandy bed of almost every river in India, are not considered eatable birds at the dinner-tables of the dwellers in cities; but when on a river tour your cook-boat has lagged behind, and neither cook nor dinner are likely to be forthcoming for several hours, do not despise the humble Brahminy, though you will do well to skin him before you boil him in any vessel that you can lay your hand upon. Mr. Simson says that in December the Brahminy duck that has been feeding on the young rice is very eatable, 'if better game is not forthcoming.' It is to be regretted that in the other eleven months of the year the Brahminy is like the night-heron, the flesh of which was recommended to Mr. Simson by a native friend, who said that it had 'such a nice flavour of fish.'

Large flocks of wild geese are often seen in Eastern Bengal in the cold weather, and if they settle on the bank of a river, or any seemingly accessible spot, the young sportsman will not hesitate to go after them. But they are *disgustingly* watchful birds, and when you have toiled hard, and crawled like a serpent over acres of mud and sand to approach them, the sentinel detects you, and away the birds all fly with much music in their contemptuous

voices. Console yourself by thinking that they are usually tough and fishy, and not good to eat. In the same way, if a big flock of pelicans comes in sight, it is very fascinating to watch them wheeling and manœuvring high up in the sky, until they at last determine on the spot on which they will alight. You will get your guns and summon your friends to go and try for a shot at them; but your labour will often be in vain, and again you must console yourself by the thought that they are not fit for human food. A very different bird is the kooleen or coolen, a very large grey crane, whose trumpet-like call may be heard high in the heavens when the birds themselves are hardly to be seen. But sooner or later the flock will alight on some open space, probably near a river, and it will then be a subject of much consideration how to get at them. If the ground is not favourable for a stalk, there is nothing for it but to select what Mr. Simson calls an 'amiable cow' out of the nearest herd, and by skilfully manipulating the cow's tail, to steer the animal as near as possible towards the coolen, and then take a shot at them over the cow's back. I once succeeded in doing this myself, or might not have ventured to write of it. But it is not easily done, as the apparently amiable cow has an antipathy to an English stranger, and the English stranger is not expert in twisting a cow's tail after the manner which is so familiar to the natives. Mr. Simson says that his native shikaree was an adept at stalking birds with cows. 'He had a better hand on a cow's tail than Jem Mason on a hunter's rein. He had one peculiar art; he could drive several cows or oxen at once towards his game, and he did it slowly and steadily. Very often Bengali cattle would not allow a European near them; none seemed to mind him, though his treatment of their tails was barbarous.' If you succeed in shooting a young and plump coolen you are not likely to forget it. A slice from the breast of a roast coolen is excellent at dinner, and you may easily be tempted to eat more than is quite prudent of the same bird when cold for breakfast.

Space is wanting to write about many of the other cranes and waders and plovers and curlews that present themselves to the gun of the young sportsman. I desire to offer one word of sympathy and regret for the poor paddy-bird, who provided sport during the whole of the last century to so many young officers when they were beginning to learn to shoot. But the railways of India have been fatal to the paddy-bird. It came to pass in this way. When the railways were laid out, and trenches were dug,

and excavations made for earth to throw up embankments, the paddy-bird may have thought that this work was being done for his gratification and to provide him with new hunting-grounds in the rainy season. For it is the habit of the paddy-bird to take up his position by any stream or pool of water and to wait patiently till a fish or some other food comes by. His sombre brown plumage casts but little shadow, and, as he does not wish to be seen, he may imagine that no one can see him. But the British navy cast his eye upon him. When railways were first made in India, platelayers and other English leading workmen had to be employed to superintend the native workmen, and even the higher class of railway officers and engineers could not always resist the temptation of a pot-shot at the poor paddy-bird. The pioneers of the railway had often to rough it considerably in the matter of food, so that a paddy-bird soon came to rank as *gibier* in their estimation, and he was slain and cooked and eaten without remorse. The paddy-bird is but a slow flyer, so even if he took to his wings he was not safe when his enemies became more skilful with their guns. The result has been that paddy-birds have become very scarce along the lines of railway in Bengal, and the survivors have retired to safer parts of the country where railways are yet unknown.

Snipe-shooting is the sport that almost invariably commends itself at an early period of his Indian career to the young sportsman. It is an inexpensive amusement, and there are few civil or military stations where there is not some marsh or paddy-field within reach of any man who wants to shoot snipe. In most books of good advice to young men going to India, a chapter is devoted to warn him against the imprudence and perils of snipe-shooting. He is told that he will get a *coup de soleil*, or malarious fever, or be bitten by a snake—all for the sake of a paltry bird that he can buy for sixpence. Captain Baden-Powell, in his book on hog-hunting in India, has recommended to the Indian Government that every young officer, civil or military, should be put through a course of hog-hunting, to prove himself fully qualified for the public service. I am much inclined to think that high honours and the choice of preferable appointments should be open to those young men who pass a good examination in snipe-shooting in their first year of service. Unfortunately some of them go out to India with their sight so impaired by hard reading that they can never see to shoot, and would only be a source of danger to their companions. I write rather feelingly on this subject. At a certain

station which was under my authority, a few partridges were to be found in some clumps of rushes and bushes along the banks of the river Adjai, and the district police superintendent, who was a good sportsman, got up a small party for my amusement, the partridges being driven out by a line of beaters directed from an elephant. As we were starting I saw that the new competition-wallah assistant, a pale and weakly youth in spectacles, had joined the party, and, on learning that he was anxious to become a sportsman, it was not for me to discourage him. I was assured that he would not carry a gun, and that he would only look on from the elephant. When we got to the covert it was rather difficult to keep the beaters in line, the bushes and rushes, higher than the heads of the men, being unequally distributed, so that, when the birds began to rise, one shot might be heard too far ahead, whilst another shot came dangerously from behind. I was going along cautiously, when to my horror the spectacled youth emerged from behind a bush with a gun in his hand, and fired off both barrels, without bringing the butt to his shoulder, at a bird that flew unpleasantly near to me. I was both frightened and furious. I called out, 'Take away that man's gun and send him home at once on the elephant.' My orders were obeyed, and the youth himself, very much frightened at his escapade, was only too glad to be sent home, and I believe that he never went out shooting again till an early death closed his career. A friend of mine, a good sportsman, was very unfortunate. He was trying to teach a competition-wallah assistant to shoot snipe. This youth was short-sighted and also squinted badly. When a snipe got up before them, the competition-wallah fired and sent some forty pellets of snipe-shot right into my friend's face, and it was very lucky that he was not killed or blinded. Some of the shots are still in his face.

When Prince Albert Victor, the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, was in India a few months ago, I believe that some people in England were surprised to read the telegrams that he was devoting himself to snipe-shooting at Madras and near Calcutta. But the Prince was quite right, for he was certain to get good sport. Madras has always been famous for its snipe-shooting. In the library of the Oriental Club there is a book, published in 1806, by Colonel Gold of the Royal Artillery, with numerous illustrations of the ways and manners of the people of Madras. There is one charming picture of two British officers out snipe-shooting with their native attendants. The drawings are coloured, and it is

instructive to see that the British officer in those days went out snipe-shooting in his full regimentals, wearing his red coat with yellow facings and gold epaulets, tight knee breeches and gaiters, and a plumed black military hat, with a scarf of white muslin fastened round it to avert the sun. The native attendants were gaily dressed, and one of them carried an armchair on which Colonel Gold says that the sportsman rested himself between the shots whilst his gun was being reloaded, and refreshment was at hand in the shape of certain leather-covered bottles and a large porous black serai for water. Not having shot snipe in Madras, I will turn to Bengal and try to give some account of how we carried on the war there against the long-bills.

Snipe-shooting in Bengal begins usually in the middle of October, when the flocks of birds arrive on the bright nights about the time of full moon, though a few may come a little earlier in the year. In October the best shooting is to be got amongst the young rice plants, which are then only a few inches high, so that the birds that are killed may be easily picked up. When the rice grows higher and thicker, so as to be above a man's knees, the snipe are not so easily found, and dead or wounded birds are lost in the most annoying manner. At a late period of the year, when the rice has ripened and the stalks, after their manner, lie flattened down upon the water, shooting again becomes practicable in the paddy-fields. But there is another kind of snipe-ground which is much superior. The deserted bed of an old Gangetic river, that has silted up in the course of ages, is sometimes covered with thick, soft grass that is very attractive to the snipe, and is almost like a Turkey-carpet for the sportsman to walk upon. Such is the famous snipe-ground at Kanchrapara, to which Prince Albert Victor was taken from Calcutta by two sportsmen who knew the ground well, and made some large bags. Kanchrapara is now the name of a railway-station about twenty-five miles from Calcutta, so that the ground is easily accessible, and so many men go to shoot there that the snipe are often almost driven out of the place. But with a few days' rest, and with a few moonlight nights, fresh flocks of birds arrive, and the supply seems almost inexhaustible. It is more than thirty years ago, when there was no railway to Kanchrapara, and the ground was known to very few men, that I used to shoot over it. It was then only approachable from the opposite side of the river Hooghly, so that we officials at Hooghly had almost a monopoly of it for ourselves and our friends. The land at

Kanchrapara is the property of a wealthy Hindoo land-owner and merchant, with whom we were on very good terms. We used to drive about three miles up the right or Hooghly side of the river, as far as this gentleman's house. There a boat was in waiting for us; and on the left bank he had ponies ready for us on which we could ride up to the shooting-ground, a distance of about two miles. Our servants and guns were always sent on beforehand, and met us at the western end of the jheel, as the snipe-ground is called. A small stream still flowed through the jheel, and there was room for one gun on the south of this stream, and for two guns on the north side of it. Nothing could be more perfect than this ground for snipe-shooting about 10 A.M. on a cool day in November, with the gentle north wind blowing on our face and the sun well up and behind our right hand. The birds at that time of day sat close on the soft short grass. When they were almost kicked up they flew away about twenty-five yards, and then turned up into the wind, presenting the easiest shot imaginable. It was in the old days of muzzle-loaders, and after firing four barrels we stopped to pick up the killed and wounded and to reload. The ground was generally sound to walk on, but there were one or two places, well known to me, where there was a bit of deep bog, and sometimes a stranger or one of our beaters would get in up to his neck, for we had two beaters to each gun, to fill up the line and to help carry the birds. A man with any pretension to be considered a good shot could get from twenty to thirty couple of snipe in about two hours. One friend of mine could get his fifty couple, but he was a first-rate shot and seldom missed a bird. I had usually to limit my own time for shooting to two hours, so as not to get over-tired, and as soon as the creamy part of the ground was shot over, I mounted one of the ponies and rode back to the boat, in which I changed my clothes and ate some sandwiches as the boatmen rowed along and landed me at the door of my office before one o'clock.

This very easy-going and abundant snipe-shooting very much spoilt me for more laborious work. But I have often shot snipe from an elephant when beating with a line of elephants for the hog-hunters of the Tent Club. I remember the astonishment of a globe-trotter, who was sitting behind me in the howdah and holding on with all his might, as it was his first ride on an elephant across country, when he saw me standing up quietly and knocking over the snipe as they rose. But it is not difficult when you know how to do it, by keeping your balance on the same

principle as the juggler who rides round the circus and performs his tricks from the horse's back. I was taught another rather unusual form of snipe-shooting by my old mentor at Chittagong. Near his elephant-sheds there were some large old tanks, about one hundred yards square, which had gradually silted up, and contained a mass of aquatic plants and weeds. The snipe used to resort to these tanks about the end of March, and it may be that they sometimes made their nests there. My friend had a long rope prepared, with bells at intervals, and also with short hand-lines for small boys to hold on to. Then the long rope was pulled across the tank by men on either side, whilst the small boys scrambled along over the mud and the lotuses and other plants, and the bells kept on ringing. The snipe, on being disturbed by the rope, flew towards the end of the tank, where the guns had taken their station, and so they met their fate. Those who escaped flew round and round for a while and eventually settled again on the weeds. Then the operation was reversed, and the rope and the bells and the boys were pulled back again, to the great annoyance of the snipe; but we thought it rather good sport to get them in this way when no other method was available. There is one source of regret connected with good Indian snipe-shooting. In India, when snipe are so abundant, so fat and so freshly killed, they are delicious on the table, and trail-toast is a dainty that can only be appreciated when it is perfectly fresh. In London, the snipe that are to be bought at the poulterers' shops are almost always more than a day old—many of them, unhappily, are more than a week old—and they are very poor things in comparison with the Indian snipe. Of course I refer to snipe of one's own shooting. In the Calcutta market snipe are daily sold which have been caught in nets and strangled in the meshes. When such snipe are set before a man at dinner, he wishes that the fowler who caught them had been taken in his own nets. As the difference between shot and strangled snipe is not too well known to some people, the native dealers in the market hang up their strangled snipe on a string and fire at them with a small charge of snipe-shot, so that a credulous person on finding a shot in a snipe's body may be induced to believe that he is eating a shot snipe. Finally, it may be mentioned that the Indian snipe are said to be identical in plumage and in other respects with the common snipe of England. India has also its jack snipe, which are as hard to hit as their little English namesakes. The Indian painted snipe, which Mr. Simson says is not

a snipe at all, is a bird of gayer plumage and of slower flight than the real snipe, so that it falls an easy prey to beginners in the art of shooting. I once shot a double-snipe near Serampore late in March, but never met another of them.

Some Indian readers will probably expect that I should mention quail amongst the small birds that a young sportsman can shoot. But I was most familiar with the damp and watery regions of Lower Bengal, where quail were seldom found. I was taken out quail-shooting near Calcutta soon after my arrival in India, and the occasion was notable to me because it was the only time that I shot over a pointer in that country. My friend had an excellent English pointer, and the good dog did his best, but the quail were very scarce. My friend said that quail only came to Bengal once in three years, as there was a failure of the crops every third year in Upper India, which drove the quail to Bengal. In those days we knew nothing of famines and scarcities and relief measures, but apparently a failure of the crops was then taken as a matter of course. Quail are abundant in the province of Behar, and regular supplies of live quails are now brought down in boxes by the railway to the Calcutta market. In Behar every prudent English resident keeps a quailery, as well as a tealery, on his premises, and a dish of fat quail is a very agreeable and wholesome change of diet when the weather is hot. Quails will not live in a quailery in the damp climate of Lower Bengal. But Providence has kindly sent some little birds that we used to call ortolans, to save the residents of Bengal from inanition in the very hottest of the hot weather. When the hot winds are blowing, the ortolans (the natives call them bugairies) sit in hundreds along the high ridges between the paddy-fields, and are said to fatten themselves on the dust that blows down their throats. Suddenly a native fowler sweeps his nets over them, and they are hurried off to the nearest railway-station for despatch to the Calcutta market, where they are promptly bought up, and as promptly eaten by those residents of Calcutta who have a due regard for their health and digestion.

The grey partridge belongs to a drier country than Lower Bengal, and the beautiful black partridges and chikore are chiefly to be found in the high reeds in jungles which must be beaten with elephants, so I will say no more about them. But in several parts of Eastern Bengal we used to get jungle-fowl shooting, and the Chittagong Hills, which have recently been made known to the world by General Tregear's military expedition, were an almost

inexhaustible preserve and breeding-place for them. The lower ranges of the Chittagong Hills were my favourite ground for jungle-fowl. Several small spurs of the hills stand out into the plain, well covered with trees and brushwood, and the little valleys between these spurs are cultivated with rice, so that there is plenty of cover and food for the birds. In the early morning, about the end of December, it was a pretty sight to watch the different broods of jungle-fowl scratching and pecking about among the ripening rice. Sometimes we used to take a pot-shot at them on the ground, but that was rather mean, and the more sportsman-like method was just to frighten the birds quietly back into the bushes, and then go and beat them up and shoot them as they flew across from one little hill to another. A full grown jungle-cock, with the sun shining brightly upon his red feathers, flies at a pace that has deceived many a man, though the shot is not so difficult as a rocketing pheasant in a high wind. In other respects, beating jungle-fowl out of these little hills was very like pheasant shooting, with the additional chance of a deer, or a jungle cat, or some scarce bird, such as a muthoora pheasant, a peacock, or a polyplectron, or even a woodcock turning up. There were two or three spots in the Chittagong Hills where, year after year, we were almost sure to find a brace of woodcocks, and as we usually managed to kill the birds, there must have been some special local attraction, such as a spring of water, that brought new birds year after year to exactly the same spot. It is wonderful how migratory birds, flying at a great pace high in the air, can detect a favourable spot on the ground and suddenly alight on it.

I have rather wandered away from the small common birds, which should be the subject of a young man's study almost as much as the wild birds. The mynahs that live in your garden are well worth watching, and when you are learning to skin birds, they are good subjects, as their skins are strong and do not tear. On the other hand, spare the pretty ring-doves which sit cooing on your walls until you are proficient in bird-skinning, for their skins are specially tender and liable to be torn. Moreover, if you shoot these pretty doves when they are paired and have a nest, you will come under the ban of the great Hindoo poet, who uttered a terrible curse against a hero who had wantonly killed a pair of doves. The mynahs are much like starlings in their habits, though not in their plumage, and you will find that there are several kinds of mynahs of different colouring. A beautiful bird is the black mynah, who is as clever as a grey parrot at learn-

ing to talk and imitate sounds. The best ones come from the hills of Nepaul, and you will find it a good investment to buy one and keep it in a cage and teach it whatever it will learn, in addition to which it will learn for itself some words and many sounds that you might wish untaught. The golden oriole, called the mangoe-bird in Bengal, is sometimes seen. It is becoming very scarce, for its beautiful feathers have a market value, and it is ruthlessly persecuted. I never allowed any one to shoot an oriole on my premises. On the other hand, we waged incessant war against the koel, or Indian cuckoo, which some people call the hot-weather bird. When the heat is becoming oppressive in the end of March, this wretched bird comes, and the natives say that he calls 'Kutul pukka,' *i.e.* 'The jack-fruit is ripe,' as that popular but unpleasant fruit is then ripening. I never understood what the bird said, but he also uttered a series of piercing cries, the notes being higher and shriller as he went on indulging his fancy. One of my servants had charge of a gun, which he was authorized to use only against the koel. As soon as a koel began to scream from a tree near the house, my man went out and very soon stopped the entertainment. At Hooghly and at Dacca we had occasionally large flights of green parrots, which were very mischievous to all kinds of fruit and grain crops, so that they had to be fired at and driven away whenever they appeared. On the other hand, the common water-wagtail, the black and white sort, was a very welcome bird, and it would have been sacrilege to shoot it. The water-wagtail brings in the cold weather. As soon as you see a water-wagtail running about you may be sure that the cold weather is nigh. And as long as he flits about your garden paths you may be tolerably confident that the cold weather is not altogether gone. There are yellow as well as black and white wagtails, and they are both of similar habits. The Hindoos regard the black and white one as a sacred bird, as it has the mark of the deity Vishnu on its head, but I am not learned in Hindoo mythology.

I have said on an earlier page that a gun should always be kept handy for the protection of the pet birds and creatures and for the collection of rare and strange specimens. I used also to keep a little rook-rifle by Holland within reach, and it was a weapon of wonderful precision, to the great annoyance of the crows and the magpies and jays, and some other crafty birds that fancied that they knew when they were safe from the range of a shot gun. I will conclude with a small story of the abuse as well as of the

use of the rook-rifle. Some young friends from Calcutta were spending a holiday with me at my house at Hooghly. The house was built on the high bank of the river Hooghly, but in the course of years the river had changed its bed and there was a broad alluvial formation between the house and the river. This afforded an open space for practice with the rook-rifle, and targets of several sorts, chiefly empty bottles or earthen pots, were put out at fixed distances to be fired at. There was good grazing ground down to the river-side, and an old native lady had the privilege of grazing her small herd of cows and calves there. Unfortunately one of my young friends was challenged by another of them that he could not with the rifle hit a calf that was feeding close to the river, the distance being (as afterwards measured) almost 200 yards. The rifle was fired and the calf was seen to fall. It is certain that the man who fired the shot had no expectation of hitting the calf. We were all astonished. The old lady in charge of her cattle, seeing the calf fall, went up to it and was utterly amazed, as she had not heard the report of the rifle. Presently she looked all round and saw that we up at the house had been guilty of some mischief, and she began to yell lustily. A deputation of the offenders went down to appease her, and by the time they arrived at the dead calf the old lady had quite mastered the situation. She threw herself on the ground and invoked all her deities to attest that she was ruined, as the most precious calf in Bengal had been killed and she was undone. The calf may have been worth four or five shillings; when she found silver to the amount of twenty shillings placed in her hand her grief was rapidly cured. She embraced the principal offender's knees and called him her father and mother. She took the dead calf by the leg and threw it in the river. The deputation of young men returned to the house sadder and wiser, and under strict promise to shoot at no more calves.

C. T. BUCKLAND, F.Z.S.

*Love's Silence.*

OF all the words that bear their part  
In all the deeds of day to day,  
One word is chiefly in my heart,  
One little word I must not say.

The hills of truth are strait and steep,  
They have a smart in every stone,  
And climbing them I needs must weep  
To think that love must die unknown.

Night follows day—day chases night,  
And brings a lesson strange to teach,  
That love is lifeless in the light  
And silence is the fullest speech.

WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK.

## *The Gift of Life.*

*FOUNDED ON FACT.*

ON a dreary November afternoon I was having tea with one of the most successful artists of the day. His studio was a large richly furnished room with a profusion of beautiful things about it. There were heavy curtains, long low divans, and stuffs and scents from the East, and nowhere a sign of hard work or struggle; even the palettes and the half-finished portraits seemed to exist merely for the sake of adding an extra dash of colour to the whole effect.

My host, a tall handsome man of genial manner, had that air of boundless leisure which belongs sometimes to the most energetic natures. The world said that he had sold himself for money, that his earlier works promised a richness of feeling and fancy which could hardly find expression in highly paid reproductions of fashionable women. I was never sure if he realised this, for no one was apparently less troubled by regrets than he. On this particular evening, however, we had branched into a discussion on the possible strength and depth of artistic feeling, and I maintained, perhaps too bitterly, that the true fire was stifled by money and luxury. I forgot for the moment how much of what I said might apply directly to the man lounging near me, and as he remained silent, and yet in some intangible way assured me that he was listening, I grew more and more eloquent, and in the heat of my feeling began to walk up and down the room. With more emphasis than originality I exclaimed that it was the love of Art for her own sake which was the true inspiration of the artist, not love of the gold she brought him. 'Nowadays,' I declared bitterly, 'no one loves her enough to make any sacrifice.' I stopped short in front of a small bronze figure which I had never noticed in his rooms before. It stood upon a table in a dark recess, and I could scarcely see it; but with that sudden instinct

which warns us now and then that we are close to something great, I carried my prize quickly into the light. It was the figure of a girl young and strong like a fresh green shoot. She was almost naked, and she was dancing evidently because she could not help it—there was an irresistible gaiety and joyousness about her which made one long to dance too. Her delicate head was thrown back as if a laugh were rippling from her lips, and one arm was flung out with a grace that was almost insolent. The other arm was gone.

‘Is this an antique?’ I cried, impatient for an answer.

‘It is curious you should have taken up that thing at this moment,’ my friend returned thoughtfully. ‘Look at it again. I think you will say it is not Greek in spite of the inscription.’

I examined the enchanting creation once more, and noticed that on the base was written, in Greek characters, ΑΓΑΙΑ (‘The Spirit of Joy’).

‘That figure was modelled hardly a year ago in Paris,’ my friend continued, ‘and the man who imagined it gave his life for it. Would you like to hear the story?’

And before I had time to answer he began the following narrative:—

None of the other artists who lived in the same street, or even those in the same house, knew much of the young sculptor Leroy. He was from the South, and had come to study in Paris; but, unlike all the rest, he never would make any friends or join in the wild pleasures of his fellow-workers. It was rumoured that he was dreadfully poor; but then so many others were poor and yet led pleasant convivial lives. ‘No: something else is wrong with Leroy,’ the artists used to say; ‘he is either mad or in love.’ He never asked anyone inside his room, and indeed there was nothing much to see, except a very bare garret and a lot of white clay, with here and there some lump beginning to take living shape. Leroy’s pale quiet face did not attract people, and he was very soon left to go his own way. The concierge used to shrug her shoulders when she reached the top story in her gossip over the different inmates of the house, and wonder how the thin dark-haired fellow lived.

Leroy, for all his melancholy looks and his poverty, more stringent than anyone imagined, was happy. His mind was thronged with shapes he longed to put into marble, and this bare garret formed the background to many wonderful dreams. Some-

times, when he shut the door upon the dark ugly staircase and rested a moment in his chair with his eyes closed, the room seemed to fill with beautiful forms, which moved and swayed before him, and he would lean back, watching intently, till at last one above all the rest would entrance his eyes. Then he would strive to imprint every line and curve upon his memory, in a fever lest anything should escape him before that sudden stillness in the air, which always woke him with a shudder to the ugly realities of his life. Over and over again he was disappointed in the attempt to reproduce his vision, and often in despair he broke what he had modelled. But he could not be unhappy while he lived in the world of his dreams, and he never thought of the future. Even after his first shock of finding his little store of money exhausted, he began without misgiving to pawn his small possessions, and worked on in the same unhampered way as before. But after a time, when his watch and his clothes, and finally even his bedstead, had gone, he found himself growing uncertain and restless. He was at work on a figure of Justice, but the tall calm woman oppressed him, and she seemed to grow less and less like the majestic shape which had once moved across his sight. Incessantly he tried to conjure her up before him, but in this time of his greatest need his visions seemed to have deserted him. He could think of nothing but poverty and misery, and as he looked bitterly round the empty room he wondered why so little had come of his love and enthusiasm. There was nothing to show for his dreams—nothing but shapeless clods of clay, and no one but he could know what they might have become. At last, one cold, wet evening, as the dark was beginning to set in, Leroy left off working quite dispirited. He leant back in his one chair and closed his eyes in a weary despair, wishing the room were warmer and that he had something besides bread for supper, when suddenly through the dim garret danced the most enchanting being he had ever imagined—a girl so young she might almost be called a child. Her hair was bound with flowers, and a laugh was in her eyes; she seemed the very spirit of youth and joy. He did not know how long he watched her marvellous irresistible dance. She stood before him at last in one supreme attitude, rivalling all she had been before, and then in an instant she was gone.

Leroy sprang to his feet. Here was an inspiration, here was something which would live for ever and bring him immortality also! His warm Southern blood, which had got so chilled in

Paris, danced again in his veins. He saw the green fields of Provence, the flowers, the deep sky, and the glorious sun flooding everything with light. All this beauty and joy should deck his statue, all this exhilaration of youth and spring.

It was dark, but Leroy did not stop for that. Now, while his eyes still burned with the brightness of their vision, was the time to work. He hurriedly lit his end of candle and drew in bold strokes an outline of the dancing nymph as he had last seen her. The sketch was rapidly made, and Leroy threw himself on his mattress at once, not to sleep but to dream. Through his uncurtained window he could see the night lit for him by one star. This time he felt more certain than ever before. He could recall every feature, every movement of the spirit; he already knew exactly how he should immortalise her. Models! He could not afford to pay models; but if he could get the best in Paris he would not have them. No one but he had ever beheld such a vision, and the coarser types of earth would only mar the magic outline he could see so plainly.

The next few days were the great days in Leroy's life. Never had his heart and brain and hand moved so harmoniously together as the clay took form under his dexterous fingers; he hardly knew how he had won such sudden power and strength. The only fear which stood behind him as he worked was that he should fall ill and be unable to finish his statue. He pawned the blanket off his mattress, and there was nothing left to cover him at night but an old quilt his mother had made him. But he felt neither cold nor hunger; he was peaceful with a great inward happiness as hour by hour his joy became more tangible.

One morning the sculptor woke to find the world all white and a deadly chill in his room. An intense cold had set in, and that just as he had reached the most critical stage of his work; one more day and the clay would stand the frost; but now, cold was his great enemy. He hardly dared examine his model lest the night should already have undone his labour. So far, however, all was well; but the room must be kept up to a good heat, or the clay would crack and the figure be spoilt. Leroy took his bedding and pawned it. It was so old he got next to nothing for it, but he spent all he did get on firing, and rushed back to the garret, fearful of losing a moment. Very soon he had a roaring fire in the stove, and the concierge, who saw him kneeling before the blaze, noted the store of coal and wood, and concluded that he had earned some money, and that she need not feel uncomfortable about him when she ate her good warm dinner.

All day long Leroy worked almost savagely, never stopping for an instant except to build up the fire; but when the twilight came he was content to stop, for he knew that he had succeeded—the Spirit of Joy was imprisoned in clay for him.

He stepped back to look at her with a sigh of relief, and she utterly satisfied him. There was nothing wanting; no single grace had been missed; she stood before him exactly as she had done in his vision.

How he loved her! How beautiful she was! But he could not look at her long; he began to shiver, and turned to the fire. It was almost out! Not a scrap of wood or coal was left; he had burnt even his chair. Leroy felt as if some miracle must happen to save his work; it was impossible that, after he had given everything, she, his wonderful, light-footed spirit, should not live. One night more and she would be safe. But what could be done? How could she be kept warm? It was beginning to turn bitterly cold already, and Leroy knew too well what a cold night would mean in that garret.

The counterpane which his mother had given him was lying in the corner where his mattress had been. With a sudden thought he picked it up, and wrapped the ragged patchwork carefully round the head and shoulders of the Spirit of Joy. Contrive as he would, he could not manage to cover her quite; her dancing feet and one lovely arm were still left bare. There was nothing for it but to take his coat off and wrap it tenderly round her knees.

‘Her arm must take care of itself,’ he said with a faint smile.

Now that he could no longer see the joyous figure all his elation left him. He tried to keep himself warm by walking up and down the room, but he could hardly move his legs. He had had no food all day, and very little for many days; a numbness was fastening on his limbs, and there was nothing for him to do.

‘If she and I can only live till to-morrow,’ he thought, ‘all will be well.’ To-morrow he would make the biggest dealer in Paris come and look at his statue—a dealer who should give him money for the marble he would chisel himself, and later on at the Salon everyone would recognise that a new thing had been born into the world. . . .

It was very lonely and dreary, and he went to the door and opened it on the chance of stray comfort; but the staircase was dark and silent as usual.

When the room was full of moonlight he grew happier again. ‘It will soon be over—this cold night,’ he said, ‘and then we shall

be safe.' He took up his chisel and scratched in Greek letters on the pedestal, 'Αγλαία, and then he lifted the covering for a moment and kissed the little clay feet.

He did not feel cold or hungry any longer, only very tired, and he sat down on the floor in a corner of the room and leant his back against the wall. He closed his eyes, and his reward came to him. For one radiant moment his Vision gleamed before him again—he saw her! he knew her! Then he fell asleep.

And the cold crept further and further into the silent garret, and cracked the little bits of clay lying about on the floor and frosted the window panes. But it breathed lightly on the draped figure, almost passing it by, and found a man leaning half-clothed against the wall. It stopped the blood in his veins, crawled up beyond his heart, and fastened his eyelids down.

When the sun looked into the window next morning there was absolute stillness in the room. Leroy's spirit had followed the Spirit of Joy, and nothing was left but his body and the clay statue.

There were people who came and understood the story. They took off the counterpane and the coat, and the beautiful nymph stood before them. But, because nothing in this world may be quite perfect, one arm had broken off in the night.

E. B.

## *The Dying Huanaco.*

**L**EST anyone should misread the title to this paper, I hasten to say that the huanaco, or guanaco as it is often spelt, is not a perishing species; nor, as things are, is it likely to perish soon, despite the fact that civilised men, Britons especially, are now enthusiastically engaged in the extermination of all the nobler mammalians:—a very glorious crusade, the triumphant conclusion of which will doubtless be witnessed by the succeeding generation, more favoured in this respect than ours. The huanaco, happily for it, exists in a barren, desolate region, in its greatest part waterless and uninhabitable to human beings; and my title refers to a singular instinct of the dying animals, in very many cases allowed, by the exceptional conditions in which they are placed, to die naturally.

And first, a few words about its place in nature and general habits. The huanaco is a small camel—small, that is, compared with its existing relation—without a hump, and, unlike the camel of the Old World, non-specialised; doubtless it is a very ancient animal on the earth, and, for all we know to the contrary, may have existed contemporaneously with the earliest known representatives of the camel type, whose remains occur in the lower and upper miocene deposits—*Poëbotherium*, *Protolabis*, *Procamelus*, *Pliochenia*, and *Macrochenia*. It ranges from Tierra del Fuego and the adjacent islands, northwards over the whole of Patagonia, and along the Andes into Peru and Bolivia. On the great mountain chain it is both a wild and a domestic animal, since the llama, the beast of burden of the ancient Peruvians, is no doubt only a variety: but as man's slave it has changed so greatly from the original form that some naturalists have regarded the llama as a distinct species, which, like the camel of the East, exists only in a domestic state. It has had time enough to vary, as it is more than probable that the tamed and useful animal was inherited by

the children of the sun from races and nations that came before them, and how far back Andean civilisation extends may be inferred from the belief expressed by the famous American archæologist, Squiers, that the ruined city of Tiahuanaco, in the vicinity of Lake Titicaca, is as old as Thebes and the Pyramids.

It is, however, with the wild animal, the huanaco, that I am concerned. A full-grown male measures seven to eight feet in length, and four feet high at the shoulder; it is well clothed in a coat of thick woolly hair, of a pale reddish colour, longest and palest on the under parts. In appearance it is very unlike the camel, in spite of the long legs and neck; in its finely-shaped head and long ears, and its proud and graceful carriage, it resembles an antelope rather than its huge and, from an æsthetic point of view, deformed Asiatic relation. In habits it is gregarious, and is usually seen in small herds, but herds numbering several hundreds or even a thousand are occasionally met with on the stony, desolate plateaux of Southern Patagonia; but the huanaco is able to thrive and grow fat where almost any other herbivore would starve. While the herd feeds one animal acts as sentinel, stationed on the hillside, and on the appearance of danger utters a shrill neigh of alarm, and instantly all take to flight. But although excessively shy and wary they are also extremely curious, and have enough intelligence to know that a single horseman can do them no harm, for they will not only approach to look closely at him, but will sometimes follow him for miles. They are also excitable, and at times indulge in strange freaks. Darwin writes: 'On the mountains of Tierra del Fuego I have more than once seen a huanaco, on being approached, not only neigh and squeal, but prance and leap about in a most ridiculous manner, apparently in defiance as a challenge.' And Captain King relates that while sailing into Port Desire he witnessed a chase of a huanaco after a fox, both animals evidently going at their greatest speed, so that they soon passed out of sight. I have known some tame huanacos, and in that state they make amusing intelligent pets, fond of being caressed, but often so frolicsome and mischievous as to be a nuisance to their master.

It is well known that at the southern extremity of Patagonia the huanacos have a dying-place, a spot to which all the individuals inhabiting the surrounding plains repair at the approach of death to deposit their bones. Darwin and Fitzroy first recorded this strange instinct in their personal narratives, and their observations have since been fully confirmed by others. The best known

of these dying- or burial-places are on the banks of the Santa Cruz and Gallegos rivers, where the river valleys are covered with dense primæval thickets of bushes and trees of stunted growth; there the ground is covered with the bones of countless dead generations. 'The animals,' says Darwin, 'in most cases must have crawled, before dying, beneath and among the bushes.' A strange instinct in a creature so pre-eminently social in its habits; a dweller all its life long on the open, barren plateaux and mountain-sides! What a subject for a painter! The grey wilderness of dwarf thorn trees, aged and grotesque and scanty-leaved, nourished for a thousand years on the bones that whiten the stony ground at their roots, the interior lit faintly with the rays of the departing sun, chill and grey, and silent and motionless—the huanacos' Golgotha. In the long centuries, stretching back into a dim immeasurable past, so many of this race have journeyed hither from the mountain and the plain to suffer the sharp pang of death, that, to the imagination, something of it all seems to have passed into that hushed and mournful nature. And now one more, the latest pilgrim, has come, all his little strength spent in his struggles to penetrate the close thicket; looking old and gaunt and ghostly in the twilight; with long ragged hair; staring into the gloom out of death-dimmed, sunken eyes. One artist we have who might show it to us on canvas, who would be able to catch the feeling of such a scene—of that mysterious, passionless tragedy of nature—the painter, I mean, of the 'Prodigal' and the 'Lioness Defending her Cubs.'

To his account of the animal's dying-place and instinct Darwin adds: 'I do not at all understand the reason of this, but I may observe that the wounded huanacos at the Santa Cruz invariably walked towards the river.'

It would, no doubt, be rash to affirm of any instinct that it is absolutely unique; but, putting aside some doubtful reports about a custom of the Asiatic elephant, and which may have originated in the account of Sindbad the Sailor's discovery of an elephant's burial place, we have no knowledge of an instinct similar to that of the huanaco in any other animal. So far as we know, it stands alone and apart, with nothing in the actions of other species leading up, or suggesting any family likeness to it. But what chiefly attracts the mind to it is its strangeness. It looks, in fact, less like an instinct of one of the inferior creatures than the superstitious observance of human beings, who have knowledge of death, and believe in a continued exist-

ence after dissolution ; of a tribe that in past times had conceived the idea that the liberated spirit is only able to find its way to its future abode by starting at death from the ancient dying-place of the tribe or family, and thence moving westward, or skyward, or underground, over the well-worn immemorial track, invisible to material eyes.

But, although alone among animal instincts in its strange and useless purpose—for it is as absolutely useless to the species or race as to the dying individual—it is not the only useless instinct we know of: there are many others, both simple and complex ; and of such instincts we believe, with good reason, that they once played an important part in the life of the species, and were only rendered useless by changes in the conditions of life, or in the organism, or in both. In other words, when the special conditions that gave them value no longer existed, the correlated and perfected instinct was not, in these cases, eradicated, but remained in abeyance and still capable of being called into activity by a new and false stimulus simulating the old and true. Viewed in this way, the huanaco's instinct might be regarded as something remaining to the animal from a remote past, not altogether unaffected by time perhaps ; and like some ceremonial usage among men that has long ceased to have any significance, or like a fragment of ancient history, or a tradition, which in the course of time has received some new and false interpretation. The false interpretation, to continue the metaphor, is, in this case, that the *purpose* of the animal in going to a certain spot, to which it has probably never previously resorted, is to die there. A false interpretation, because, in the first place, it is incredible that an instinct of no advantage to the species in its struggle for existence and predominance should arise and become permanent ; and, in the second place, it is equally incredible that it could ever have been to the advantage of the species or race to have a dying-place. We must, then, suppose that there is in the sensations preceding death, when death comes slowly, some resemblance to the sensations experienced by the animal at a period when its curious instinct first took form and crystallised ; these would be painful sensations that threatened life ; and freedom from them, and safety to the animal, would only exist in a certain well-remembered spot. Further, we might assume that it was at first only the memory of a few individuals that caused the animals to seek the place of safety ; that a habit was thus formed ; that in time this traditional habit became instinctive, so that the animals, old

and young, made their way unerringly to the place of refuge whenever the old danger returned. And such an instinct, slowly matured and made perfect to enable this animal to escape extinction during periods of great danger to mammalian life, lasting hundreds or even thousands of years, and destructive of numberless other species less hardy and adaptive than the generalised huanaco, might well continue to exist, to be occasionally called into life by a false stimulus, for many centuries after it had ceased to be of any advantage.

Once we accept this explanation as probable—namely, that the huanaco, in withdrawing from the herd to drop down and die in the ancient dying-ground, is in reality only seeking an historically remembered place of refuge, and not of death—the action of the animal loses much of its mysterious character; we come on to firm ground, and find that we are no longer considering an instinct absolutely unique, with no action or instinct in any other animal leading up or suggesting any family likeness to it, as I said before. We find, in fact, that there is at least one very important and very well known instinct in another class of creatures, which has a strong resemblance to that of the huanaco, as I have interpreted it, and which may even serve to throw a side light on the origin of the huanaco's instinct. I refer to a habit of some ophidians, in temperate and cold countries, of returning annually to hibernate in the same den.

A typical instance is that of the rattlesnake in the colder parts of North America. On the approach of winter these reptiles go into hiding; and it has been observed that in some districts a very large number of individuals—hundreds, and even thousands—will repair from the surrounding country to the ancestral den. Here the serpents gather in a mass to remain in a wholly or semi-torpid condition until the return of spring brings them out again, to scatter abroad to their usual summer haunts. Clearly in this case the knowledge of the hibernating den is not merely traditional—that is, handed down from generation to generation, through the young each year following the adults, and so forming the habit of repairing at certain seasons to a certain place—for the young serpent soon abandons its parent to lead an independent life; and on the approach of cold weather the hibernating den may be a long distance away, ten or twenty, or even thirty miles from the spot in which it was born. The annual return to the hibernating den is, then, a fixed unalterable instinct, like the autumnal migration of some birds to a warmer latitude. It is doubtless favour-

able to the serpents to hibernate in large numbers massed together; and the habit of resorting annually to the same spot once formed, we can imagine that the individuals—perhaps a single couple in the first place—frequenting some very deep, dry, and well-sheltered cavern, safe from enemies, would have a great advantage over others of their race; that they would be stronger and increase more, and spread during the summer months farther and farther from the cavern on all sides; and that the farther afield they went the more would the instinct be perfected; since all the young serpents that did not have the instinct of returning unerringly to the ancestral refuge, and that, like the outsiders of their race, to put it in that way, merely crept into the first hole they found on the approach of the cold season, would be more liable to destruction. Probably most snakes get killed long before a natural decline sets in; to say that not one in a thousand dies of old age would probably be no exaggeration; but if they were as safe from enemies and accidents as some less prolific and more highly-organised animals, so that many would reach the natural term of life, and death came slowly, we can imagine that in such a heat-loving creature the failure of the vital powers would simulate the sensations caused by a falling temperature, and cause the old or sick serpent, even in midsummer, to creep instinctively away to the ancient refuge, where many a long life-killing frost had been safely tided over in the past.

The huanaco has never been a hibernating animal; but we must assume that, like the *crotalus* of the north, he had formed a habit of congregating with his fellows at certain seasons at the same spot; further, that these were seasons of suffering to the animal—the suffering, or discomfort and danger, having in the first place given rise to the habit. Assuming again that the habit had existed so long as to become, like that of the reptile, a fixed, immutable instinct, a hereditary knowledge, so that the young huanacos, untaught by the adults, would go alone and unerringly to the meeting-place from any distance, it is but an easy step to the belief, that after the conditions had changed, and the refuges were no longer needed, this instinctive knowledge would still exist in them, and that they would take the old road when stimulated by the pain of a wound; or the miserable sensations experienced in disease; or during the decay of the life-energy, when the senses grow dim, and the breath fails, and the blood is thin and cold.

I presume that most persons who have observed animals a

great deal have met with cases in which the animal has acted automatically, or instinctively, when the stimulus has been a false one. I will relate one such case, observed by myself, and which strikes me as being apposite to the question I am considering. It must be premised that this is an instance of an acquired habit; but this does not affect my argument, since I have all along assumed that the huanaco—a highly sagacious species in the highest class of vertebrates—first acquired a habit from experience of seeking a remembered refuge, and that such habit was the parent, as it were, or the first clay model, of the perfect and indestructible instinct that was to be.

It is not an uncommon thing in the Argentine pampas—I have on two occasions witnessed it myself—for a riding-horse to come home, or to the gate of his owner's house, to die. I am speaking of riding-horses that are never doctored, nor treated mercifully; that look on their master as an enemy rather than a friend; horses that live out in the open, and have to be hunted to the corral or enclosure, or roughly captured with a lasso as they run, when their services are required. I retain a very vivid recollection of the first occasion of witnessing an action of this kind in a horse, although I was only a boy at the time. On going out one summer evening I saw one of the horses of the establishment standing unsaddled and unbridled, leaning his head over the gate. Going to the spot I stroked his nose, and then, turning to an old native who happened to be near, asked him what could be the meaning of such a thing. 'I think he is going to die,' he answered; 'horses often come to the house to die.' And next morning the poor beast was found lying dead not twenty yards from the gate; although he had not appeared ill when I stroked his nose on the previous evening; but when I saw him lying there dead, and remembered the old native's words, it seemed to me as marvellous and inexplicable that a horse should act in that way, as if some wild creature—a rhea, a fawn, or dilochores—had come to exhale his last breath at the gates of his enemy and constant persecutor, man.

I now believe that the sensations of sickness and approaching death in the riding-horse of the pampas resemble or simulate the pains, so often experienced, of hunger, thirst, and fatigue combined, together with the oppressive sensations caused by the ponderous native saddle, or recado, with its huge surcingle of raw hide drawn up so tightly as to hinder free respiration. The suffering animal remembers how at the last relief invariably came,

when the twelve or fifteen hours' torture were over, the toil and the want, and when the great iron bridle and ponderous gear were removed, and he had freedom and food and drink and rest. At the gate or at the door of his master's house, the sudden relief had always come to him; and there does he sometimes go in his sickness, his fear over-mastered by his suffering, to find it again.

Discussing this question with a friend, who has an astute mind and great experience of the horse in semi-barbarous countries, and of many other animals, wild and tame, in many regions of the globe, he put forward a different explanation of the action of the horse in coming home to die, which he thinks simpler and more probable than mine. It is, that a dying or ailing animal instinctively withdraws itself from its fellows—an action of self-preservation in the individual in opposition to the well-known instincts of the healthy animals, which impels the whole herd to turn upon and persecute the sickly member, thus destroying its chances of recovery. The desire of the suffering animal is not only to leave its fellows but to get to some solitary place where they cannot follow, or would never find him, to escape at once from a great and pressing danger. But on the pastoral pampas, where horses are so numerous that on that level treeless area they are always and everywhere visible, no hiding-place is discoverable. In such a case, the animal, goaded by its instinctive fear, turns to the one spot that horses avoid; and although that spot has hitherto been fearful to him, the old fear is forgotten in the present and far more vivid one; the vicinity of his master's house represents a solitary place to him, and he seeks it, just as the stricken deer seeks the interior of some close forest, oblivious for the time, in its anxiety to escape from the herd, of the dangers lurking in it, and which it formerly avoided.

I have not set this explanation down merely because it does credit to my friend's ingenuity, but because it strikes me that it is the only alternative explanation that can be given of the animal's action in coming home to die. Another fact concerning the ill-tamed and barbarously treated horses of the pampas, which, to my mind, strengthens the view I have taken, remains to be mentioned. It is not an uncommon thing for one of these horses, after escaping, saddled and bridled, and wandering about for a night or night and day on the plains, to return of its own accord to the house. It is clear that in a case of this kind the animal comes home to seek relief. I have known one horse that always had to be hunted like a wild animal to be caught, and that

invariably after being saddled tried to break loose, to return in this way to the gate after wandering about, saddled and bridled, for over twenty hours in uncomfortable freedom.

The action of the riding-horse returning to a master he is accustomed to fly from, as from an enemy, to be released of saddle and bridle, is, no doubt, more intelligent than that of the dying horse coming home to be relieved from his sufferings, but the motive is the same in both cases; at the gate the only pain the animal has ever experienced has invariably begun, and there it has ended, and when the spur of some new pain afflicts him—new and yet like the old—it is to the well-remembered hated gate that it urges him.

To return to the huanaco. After tracing the dying instinct back to its hypothetical origin—namely, a habit acquired by the animal in some past period of seeking refuge from some kind of pain and danger at a certain spot, it is only natural to speculate a little further as to the nature of this danger and of the conditions the animal existed in.

If the huanaco is as old on the earth as its antique generalised form have led naturalists to suppose, we can well believe that it has survived not only a great many lost mammalian types, but many changes in the conditions of its life. Let us then imagine that at some remote period a change took place in the climate of Patagonia, and that it became colder and colder, owing to some cause affecting only that portion of the antarctic region; such a cause, for instance, as a great accumulation of icebergs on the northern shores of the antarctic continent, extending century by century until a large portion of the now open sea became blocked up with solid ice. If the change was gradual and the snow became deeper each winter and lasted longer, an intelligent, gregarious, and exceedingly hardy and active animal like the huanaco, able to exist on the driest woody fibres, would stand the best chance of maintaining its existence in such altered conditions, and would form new habits to meet the new danger. One would be that at the approach of a period of deep snow and deadly cold, all the herds frequenting one place would gather together at the most favourable spots in the river valleys, where the vegetation is dense and some food could be had while the surrounding country continued covered with deep snow. They would, in fact, make choice of exactly such localities as are now used for dying-places. There they would be sheltered from the cutting winds, the twigs and bark would supply them with food, the warmth from a great

many individuals massed together would serve to keep the snow partially melted under foot, and would prevent their being smothered, while the stiff and closely interlaced branches would keep a roof of snow above them; and thus protected they would keep alive until the return of mild weather released them. In the course of many generations all weakly animals, and all in which the habit of seeking the refuge at the proper time was weak or uncertain in its action would perish, but their loss would be an advantage to the survivors.

It is worthy of remark that it is only at the southern extremity of Patagonia that the huanacos have dying-places. In Northern Patagonia and on the Chilian and Peruvian Andes no such instinct has been observed.

W. H. HUDSON.

## At the Sign of the Ship.

LORD HOUGHTON.

'HAWKS dinna pyke out hawks' eyne,' and perhaps no one who has ever compiled a biography should criticise a biographer. But no one but the biographer, perhaps, has had his thoughts so much occupied with the nature and conditions of biography. Only biographers can feel how vague must be the reviewing of this kind of literature, by persons who do not know what kind and quantity of materials the author had at his command. His difficulty may have been the richness of supply, so that he knew not what to omit, or it may have been the poverty, so that he knew not what to put in. Then the unlucky man is apt to find that half the plums, at least, must be left out of his pudding. There is a Scotch town of which the slogan is 'Sour plums in Galashiels.' Too many of the biographer's plums would prove sour, either to readers whose feelings he must respect, or to the family and descendants of the subject. The biographer who, as in Mr. Carlyle's case, boldly offers all his plums, is read and reviled; the more cautious or more good-natured biographer *laudatur et alget*. The world does not guess the enormous mass of materials in which the modern biographer labours. It is like a mountain of quartz, but it needs a great deal of crushing, and the gold is not always twenty ounces to the ton. Through that mountain it seems as if the mountain-piercing beast of the fairy tale could never have made his way, but a way has to be made.

The biographer's trade, at present, is dominated by fashion or trade-custom. Fashion demands two good large volumes, nobody knows why, and it is not every life, however long or distinguished, that can supply really good filling for those two volumes. Thus the biographer is often almost compelled to insert much that is unessential, much that the reader probably skips. Letters are piled in, and these letters contain a good deal that is not germane to the matter, that does not illustrate character at all. The truth is that biographers and readers are dominated by the examples of Boswell and Lockhart; men who had the very richest subjects, and the very best opportunities of knowing their subjects. In our age, many men and women are their own Boswells. They ought to be best acquainted with themselves, but, though every

man can be his own Boswell, it is much less easy for him to be his own Johnson. He can, and does, tell us the names of the people with whom he dined, but if, like the Doctor, 'he had good talk,' unlike Boswell, he does not report the talk for his readers. In short, as Mr. Wemyss Reid says in his *'Life, Letters, and Friendships of Lord Houghton'* (Cassell), 'the heart of the biographer knows its own bitterness.' One can readily believe that, but for the filling of the two volumes, Mr. Wemyss Reid would have omitted much that is here, and, but for other considerations, would have inserted much that he omits. Where is the use of letters in which we read that 'Annabel sends her best regards;' or that 'it is thawing here, and, if it goes on, will be an almighty squash to-morrow;' or that somebody's aunts are at Tunbridge Wells, as if everybody's aunts were not at Tunbridge Wells? No man, woman, or elderly child ever lived whose letters were not as well worth printing as such extracts. Yet it would be difficult to find a recent biography which is not padded with such uncharacteristic trivialities. To leave them out were, unluckily, a counsel of perfection, for then, where were the two volumes? There remains the idea of leaving all lives unwritten, which, unlike Scott's life or Johnson's, do not naturally furnish the due quantity of really essential material.

Mr. Wemyss Reid had, in Lord Houghton, an admirable subject, and he has treated it in an admirable spirit. Lord Houghton knew every one, and wished to know every one. From his college days to his death, he was intimate with all who were witty, beautiful, great, and with all whom he was able, as he was willing, to enrich with a better share of life's good things than lay within their unassisted reach. The late Mr. Forster was not habitually a sayer of good things, but Mr. Reid has chosen a remark of Mr. Forster's about Lord Houghton, which contains the brightest and noblest compliment. 'I have many friends who would be kind to me in distress, but only one who would be equally kind to me in disgrace.' The present writer, whose acquaintance with Lord Houghton was of the slightest and latest, was most struck by his unaffected courage. Old and ill, Lord Houghton would not permit himself to be languid and weary. As long as he was living he would be enjoying life, and enjoying it in his own characteristic way, in society, in conversation, in the company of new as well as of old associates, of new as of old ideas. The same courage, indomitable by weakness, disease, and the prospect of death, united with Lord Houghton's natural and cultivated kindness, no doubt made him a friend to whom a man

might turn in disgrace, as certainly as he might repose on him in poverty or sorrow. To live thus was to be an Epicurean of the right sort, of Molière's school, was to be classical, perhaps, rather than Pagan. Mr. Wemyss Reid has rightly laid his stress on this aspect of Lord Houghton's character, on the goodness and buoyancy which tamed even Mr. Carlyle, and made Lord Houghton, as it were, the Topham Beauclerk to the sage's Johnson. The other side of Lord Houghton's character, that originality which had its humorous aspects, Mr. Wemyss Reid has left rather in the shadow, perhaps partly as too familiar, partly as too mythical for much comment. 'He was the hero of a hundred more or less apocryphal legends, the wit upon whom a thousand jokes he had never uttered were fathered.' And yet we might be glad, and very glad, if one of Mr. Reid's two volumes had been the Apocrypha of Lord Houghton.

The Church reads the Apocrypha 'for example of manners,' and the world would read the Apocrypha of Lord Houghton for entertainment. We would fain hear more of him as a bibliophile; as a collector of rare books his experiences must have been instructive and amusing. His great good deed in literature was the editing of Keats's 'Letters and Remains,' and I confess to bearing a grudge against Mr. Wemyss Reid for giving us so little of this chapter. The name of Keats does not come into the index, nor that of his humorous and interesting friend, John Hamilton Reynolds, whom Lord Houghton must probably have known. In the chapter on Cambridge and the Apostles one expected more information, for which, probably, materials did not exist. A quotation from Lord Houghton's 'Timbuctoo' would have been pleasant to set beside Lord Tennyson's and Thackeray's:

I see her sons the hill of glory mount  
And sell their sugars on their own account.  
Prone at her feet the prostrate nations come,  
Sue for her rice and barter for her rum.

I quote the majestic lines from memory. 'The Popeians and Darwinians' liked Lord Houghton's 'Timbuctoo.' Young Mr. Tennyson's poem was not Popeian, and mankind yet marvels how the Examiners, apparently inspired on this occasion only, recognised the poet. The most interesting thing in the chapter on Cambridge is the notice of Sunderland, the Waring of his day, the orator who was to do so much, and who vanished from men's ears and eyes.

One is, perhaps, a little disappointed with the letters from famous people which are published here. Perhaps they had not

time to write much : it needs a man with Mr. Fitzgerald's powers and leisure, to write very delightful letters. Of Thackeray we hear really very little. Mr. Wemyss Reid thinks the following note of Thackeray's 'in its interest not surpassed by any other letter among the many thousands left behind him by Milnes.'

MY DEAR MILNES,—Miss Brontë dines here to-morrow at 7. If you are by any wonder disengaged, do come to

Yours truly,

W. M. THACKERAY.

This is saying very little for the many thousands of other letters. We knew before that Miss Brontë had dined with Mr. Thackeray, and we wish that a Boswell had been one of the guests. But Thackeray, who scarcely ever wrote a line without a sketch, or a touch of himself in it, penned many letters more entertaining than this perfectly commonplace invitation. Among the most interesting letters are those from Mr. David Gray, the young poet, and from his father. It is not possible to say that the poet's letters are exactly what a Scot and a poet should have written. But Gray's letters were produced when he was fighting death with feverish anxiety, and perhaps no more represent his true character than the character of Keats is represented in his letters to Miss Brawne. With such a difficult disciple, Lord Houghton's real kindness displayed itself in the noblest light, and many years afterwards, at the Century Club in New York, he still had a good word for the poetry of Gray, who 'described all the nature within his ken in the highest poetic perfection.' It is not Lord Houghton's least praise that, in 1838, a *Quarterly* Reviewer accused him of 'rendering homage at the fantastic shrines of such baby idols as Mr. John Keats and Mr. Alfred Tennyson.' A poet not so great as Landor curiously thought him, Lord Houghton had none of the artist's envy, and was even more ready to seek out and enjoy all that was good in literature than all that was good in life. He was in the right when there were few on his side, when his admirations were looked on as

Vana superstitio, veterumque ignara deorum.

It is certain that the future will know him well in his biography, even if there are passages in it which add nothing essential to the knowledge. It is certain, too, that the student who likes plums, and skips the pudding, as many students use, will find the stuff of several pleasant evenings' reading in Mr. Wemyss Reid's volumes.

When commenting on Mr. Thackeray's note to Lord Houghton, I had not read Mrs. Ritchie's description, in *Macmillan's Magazine*, of the dinner to which Lord Houghton was invited. I said that one might wish a Boswell had been present, and a very young Boswell *was* present, Miss Thackeray. In her delightful paper, 'My Witch's Cauldron,' she shows us what a failure the party was, how much was expected, nothing attained; how the prim little Northern genius, Miss Brontë, snuffed out the fun, till Mr. Thackeray fled to the club and left his guests in despair. Miss Brontë for once proved unequalled as a wet blanket. The cleverest, the most amusing people were gathered, and the Yorkshire woman damped the gaiety of them all, confining herself to patronising the governess. The most entertaining talk was hoped for, and talk there was none. How did Miss Brontë manage it—by shyness, by superiority, or by a mixture of unsocial qualities? I confess that this lady, whose genius is undeniable, hath ever been to me a literary Dr. Fell, though 'the reason why I cannot tell,' and now it seems as if there may have been some justification for the instinct. Miss Brontë was, perhaps, shy and silent, while people felt the existence of criticism in her silence and her shyness—of criticism, and perhaps of disapproval. But, to be sure, a sudden appearance as a Lioness out of the desert may have made her 'gey ill to live wi' at a dinner party. Lucky it was for Lord Houghton that he could not be present, though perhaps his geniality and social courage might have melted and humanised the frigid little Yorkshire spectator.

\* \*

The discovery of an Aristotelian fragment is exciting much interest among people who know nothing about Aristotle. Why should this be? There are quantities of Aristotle in circulation, but the persons who fuss over a scrap of the *Constitutions* neglect the *Ethics* and *Politics* absolutely. This is typical of our queer 'cultured age.' Men who know no more Greek than Mark Twain review classical works, translations and so forth, with the greatest *aplomb*, laying down the law about matters whereof they have not even a smattering. In a poem, or anything else that deals with Greek life, they will say, 'This is un-Homeric' about a passage translated from Homer; or, 'This is not Greek,' when it has abundant Greek authority. Yet it seems so easy not to pretend to know Greek!

\* \*

When so much is written about 'style,' a weary topic, when so much is said about getting style (like 'getting religion') it is useful to note what Schopenhauer remarks on the subject. 'There is no quality of style that can be got by reading writers who possess it. . . . But if the qualities exist in us, exist, that is to say, potentially, we can call them forth and bring them into consciousness; we can learn the purposes to which they can be put; we can be strengthened in an inclination to use them, or get courage to do so. . . . The only way in which reading can form style is by teaching us the use to which we can put our own natural gifts. We must have these gifts before we can learn the use of them. Without them, reading teaches us nothing but cold dead mannerism, and makes us shallow imitators.' That is so well put that it need never be said again. It is the sum and substance of all that is worth remembering in scores of essays and lectures on 'getting style.'

\* \* \*

Schopenhauer makes a complaint which is more justified every day. 'People are all trained to read *in time*, all the same thing, namely the Newest Books; and that for the purpose of getting food for conversation in the circles in which they move. This is the aim served by bad novels, produced by writers who once were celebrated, as Spindler, Bulwer Lytton, Eugène Sue.' This is extremely unjust to Bulwer Lytton, at least, whoever Spindler may have been; but the general statement, though prejudicial to the interests of modern authors, is correct. How are we to keep the middle path, to read what time has tried, and yet not to neglect, as Lord Houghton did not neglect, such 'baby idols' as contemporary poets? Even Shakspeare was once a contemporary.

\* \* \*

The funniest of all books is Mr. Rutherford's 'English Authors,' published at 'The Constitution Job Office, Atlanta, Ga.' This is what the lettering on the back tells us. The title-page relieves our anxiety about the 'Job Office' by proclaiming that the publishers are 'The Constitution Book and Job Print.' Mr. Rutherford, of Athens, Ga., gives details about contemporary writers in the style of the New Journalism. He adds lists of questions for examination. Can the reader answer these?

Why did Arnold refuse to have his picture taken?

Who wrote 'Divided'?

Who gave Copyright dinners to the Poor?

Whose late works are considered unorthodox ?  
 Who was accused of marrying for money ?  
 What author had a libel suit ?  
 What author had 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde' in mind ready  
 to write when it appeared ?  
 Who is the sensational writer of this age ?  
 Who is the literary queen of England, so far as riches are  
 concerned ?  
 Who lives at Max Gate ?  
 Whose hair was red ?  
 Who was one of Browning's most ardent admirers ?  
 What author has an American wife ?

\* \* \*

And what has all this to do with English literature ? However,  
 the questions are distinctly puzzling. I hope none of us  
 can answer any of them, though the replies may be well known  
 at Athens, Ga. Of course the book is probably as much of a  
 joke in America as in England. But it only carries literary  
 gossip to a power slightly higher than its usual force. Does Mr.  
 Rutherford know who wrote the History of Rome in Madrigals ?

\* \* \*

*METEMPSYCHOSIS.*

In the ages long ago,  
 In some dim enchanted vale,  
 You were once a rose, I know,  
 And I was a nightingale,  
 Singing sweet and singing long,  
 Singing sadly the night through,  
 And the burden of the song,  
 All of you !  
 Me your radiance once fell o'er,  
 You the moon, and I the tide,  
 Ebbing, flowing, evermore,  
 To your impulse I replied ;  
 You shone on and I surged on ;  
 Troubled was my mighty sea  
 When your silver glory shone  
 Over me.  
 Once again in ages far  
 Fell a lustre dim and dear—  
 Well I knew your evening star,  
 Bending o'er my dusky mere.

## AT THE SIGN OF THE SHIP.

Ah, but if it ne'er pierced through  
 Gathering gloom, your pallid glow,  
 All the night I mourned for you,  
 Sighing low.

By your strange unfathomed eyes,  
 Oh, my star, my destiny,  
 In whatever changing guise,  
 You are still the fate of me.  
 Shadowy gift Time never gave,  
 Time and Death that shall deride,  
 To eternity your slave  
 To abide!

MAY KENDALL.

\* \*

I keep racking my brains for the moral—it must have a moral—of Dr. Ibsen's *Hedda Gabler*, translated by Mr. Gosse (Heinemann). The portrait of Dr. Ibsen is capital. I was certain he was like that. Sometimes you form quite a wrong idea of a poet from his books. You expect to see a tall, violet-eyed, chestnut-haired, languid, lovely, and witty young man, something of a fop, and you find a robust, sensible, humorous person, with no claims to resemble the charm of his Muse. But nobody could doubt what Dr. Ibsen is like, and here, in *Hedda Gabler*, is the image of the man. Still, that does not help us to the moral of *Hedda Gabler*, a name which a lady took to be the feminine form of Heliogabalus. Why did Hedda make Lövborg shoot himself, why did she shoot herself, and what is it all about? Hedda seemed a lady of more judicious self-control. Perhaps the best contrast to Hedda is M. Becque's *La Parisienne*. She might have shot herself, but she only laughed, and had the laugh on her side. One character is nearly as bad and unnatural as the other, but there is no doubt as to which is the more amusing.

\* \*

## THE EARLIEST CROCUS.

One golden flame has cloven  
 The dingy garden clay,  
 One golden gleam is woven  
 Athwart the gloomy day.  
 And hark! the breeze is bringing  
 One sudden bird-note, ringing  
 From far away.

Soon, set in dainty order,  
 A serried golden line,  
 All down the garden border  
 The crocuses will shine.  
 At last the spring is sighted!  
 One golden lamp is lighted  
 To give the sign.

FRANCES WYNNE.

\* \*

A Finnish dog, answering to the name of Förde, wants a home. He is a beautiful, tall, affectionate, silver-grey dog. They say he does not hunt sheep nor poach. Has no objection to an Ibsenite. His owner would like to receive 10*l.* as some consolation for his absence, but a happy home for Förde, in the country if possible, is what his owner most desires. Testimonials to character are necessary. Has no objection to a clergyman's family, of whatever denomination. Förde is an accomplished mouser.

A. LANG.

### *The 'Donna.'*

THE EDITOR begs to acknowledge the receipt of the following sums. Contributions should be addressed to

*The Editor of LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE,*

39 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.,

and those received after February 5 will be acknowledged in the April number.

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The Sisters have received the following direct :—

J. I. S. 10*s.* Mrs. Patrick 10*s.* Anon. 10*s.* E. M. S. and F. Kenbury 17*s.* 6*d.* M. S. 10*s.* Mrs. C. Wemyss 11*s.* 3*d.* M. S. 10*s.* A Reader of LONGMAN'S 3*s.* J. H. J. 5*s.* Mrs. Cane 10*s.* Miss C. Riorden 2*s.* 6*d.* A Reader of LONGMAN'S 10*s.*

*Gifts of Clothing, Scarfs, &c.*—Mrs. Parr, M. and F., S. T., Miss Bere, Miss Riorden, Miss Bowen, Mrs. Montgomery, Mrs. Barnet, Miss Price, Miss Crosse, Miss Squires, Miss Kingsford, Miss Freeman, M. C. E. E. D., Alford, Miss Holwyed, Mrs. Cane, Miss A. Druce, Hon. Mrs. Egerton Holmes.

The Sisters thank F. B. for her letter, and beg to say that they are especially thankful for comforters and socks, which, with any gifts of books or magazines, should be sent direct to the Sister-in-charge, 42A Dock Street, E.

Miss Trench begs to thank the readers of LONGMAN'S most heartily for their response as regards the 'Donna Knitting Society.' She has already received 138 woollen mufflers, besides six shirts, vests, socks, mittens, &c. 'The men are as thankful as if we had given them ten shillings,' the Sister writes who distributed the mufflers. She has also received for the Night Refuge :—Anon. 5*l.* Mrs. Horsley 2*l.* Miss E. A. Sweet 10*s.* Mrs. A. Keep 10*s.* Mrs. Lewis 1*s.* Miss Stirling ('Donna') 5*s.* E. B. S. M. 8 comforters. All woollen comforters, &c., to be sent, as before, to Miss Trench, Secretary D.K.S., Pulham St. Mary, Norfolk.

#### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*The Editor requests that his correspondents will be good enough to write to him informing him of the subject of any article they wish to offer, before sending the MS. A stamped and addressed envelope should accompany the MS. if the writer wishes it to be returned in case of non-acceptance. The Editor can in no case hold himself responsible for accidental loss. All communications should be addressed to*

*The Editor of LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE,*

*39 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.*